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TALES OF THE PERSIAN GENII

"*I am the Enchanter Ollomand, thy deadly foe*" (*page* 61)

Tales of the Persian Genii

Retold by
Frances Jenkins Olcott
with Illustrations by
Willy Pogany

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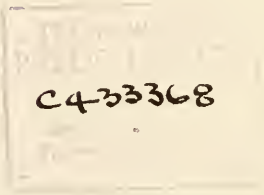
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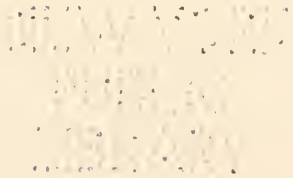
ELISE OLCOTT PHILLIPS



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FOREWORD

IN these stories, wonder-loving boys and girls will find Good Genii, Wicked Marids, Flying Afrites, Fairies, Witches, and Enchanters. They may wander through Oriental gardens fragrant with spices and redolent with the perfume of roses, and listen to the sweet singing of many-coloured birds and the music of a thousand fountains, or they may feast under silken pavilions and dwell in crystal palaces. They may gaze on subterranean treasures of sparkling jewels and heaps of precious metals, and pluck jewel-fruits and gold and silver branches from fairy-trees; while throughout the stories runs a delightful vein of allegory, which lends a subtle charm and ethical value to the tales.

The first two series of stories — the foundation of the book — are retold from a quaint old volume published in England in 1765, under the title *Tales of the Genii; or, The Delightful Lessons of Horam the Son of Asmar*. The book became widely popular, and went through many editions, passing through the hands of numerous editors, one of whom was Archbishop Whately. Its popularity continued into the nineteenth century, and then died out, but not before

the tales had become the delight of Gladstone's boyhood, and had formed a part of the treasured library of little David Copperfield. Dickens, in his *Uncommercial Traveller*, speaks of the story of "Abudah," as having made a deep impression on his own childhood.

The third series of stories — The History of Farrukruz the Favourite of Fortune — is retold from *The Delight of Hearts*, by Barkhurdár bin Mahmúd Turkman Faráhí, surnamed Mumtáz, which may be found in its English translation in W. A. Clouston's *Eastern Romances*.

The fourth series — The History of King Azad and the Two Royal Sheykhs — is retold from the famous romance, *The Bāgh O Bahār* of Mīr Amman of Dilhī, from the English translation edited by Duncan Forbes.

All the stories have been recast with great freedom, and moulded into a continuous narrative; the aim being to keep them truly Oriental and at the same time to preserve all the detail that will delight the imaginative modern boy and girl.

Each story has its ethical teaching, which has been emphasized without too much moralizing, but this is not the only educational value of the book. Modern life in the West is too colourless, lacking in richness and warmth. To counteract this, and to develop and

foster in children their natural love of rich colour and an appreciation of beautiful objects, there is no more effective method than to steep their imaginations in the best of Oriental literature. And in order that the stories in this volume may aid in the education of the sense of colour in children, Oriental warmth and richness of description have been infused when lacking in the originals.

And here I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following books from which I have drawn Oriental atmosphere, — *The Arabian Nights* and *The Modern Egyptians*, of Edward William Lane, and Dr. G. Weil's *Biblical Legends*.

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TALES OF THE PERSIAN GENII

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GENII

PATNA and Coulor, the young son and daughter of Guialar the Iman of Terki, were the pride of their parents and the wonder of the inhabitants of Mazanderan. Their forms were slender as a willow branch, their hair dark as night; their eyes large, black, and sparkling; their cheeks red like anemones, their lips like coral; and their teeth of pearl. And every morning their parents presented them each with a beautiful robe of silk embroidered with many colours. So the two children delighted all who beheld them.

One day their father led them into a grove of oranges and citrons, which surrounded a fountain, and seating them upon a marble bench, in the cool shade of the trees, he said: —

"O my beloved children, you have now reached an age when you should learn true wisdom. The world is vain and fleeting. Power and riches are a snare to youth. The worship of Allah— whose name be

exalted!— alone satisfies the soul of man. Pure worship cannot be attained here in the habitation of corrupt men; therefore, O my children, retire ye like the pelican into the wilderness; flee into the desert, and find peace and happiness, and there worship Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful."

No sooner had the Iman Guialar uttered these words than a delicious fragrance issued from a large citron tree opposite, and in a moment the trunk of the tree changed into a bright and beautiful Fairy.

"Guialar," said the Fairy, advancing toward him, "I am pleased to hear thee instruct thy children in the wisdom of life. But why dost thou bid them flee to the desert? Know, that Patna and Coulor are destined to serve their fellow-men. Therefore, O Guialar, permit me to convey thy children to the wonder-palace of the Good Genii, that from them they may learn the wisdom needed to guide their steps aright through the valley of life."

The Iman of Terki was transported with joy at this proposal, but before he could reply, the Fairy caught Patna and Coulor in her arms, and, leaping with them into the fountain, vanished from his sight.

The children saw to their amazement that they were descending rapidly through the water, and yet their hair and their garments remained dry. In a few

minutes they found themselves standing upon the marble floor of the basin. The Fairy thereupon hastened to open a crystal door in the side wall, and through it she led Patna and Coulor. As they turned to look at the door, it closed and disappeared from their sight.

The children then saw that they were on a wide plain where grew varieties of bright flowers, and trees filled with birds of every colour, that sang with a thousand sweet voices. The gentle breeze that blew over the plain was laden with the odour of sandalwood and musk. And in the distance appeared a noble palace shining like the sun. A path, white like silver, led to it, and along this the Fairy conducted Patna and Coulor.

"My children," said she, "this palace is the abode of the Good Genii, who obeyed the will of Solomon the son of David, on both of whom be peace! They are the servants of Solomon, and the instructors of mankind. In their presence let silence seal your lips. Presume not to exchange speech with the Genii of Wisdom."

Scarcely had she spoken thus when they arrived at the palace, which the children perceived to be built of rock-crystal. Its portals were lofty, and above its entrance were inscribed mysterious characters. Its windows shone as though each were lighted by a

separate sun. The door opened of itself, and a stream of light flowed from within.

The Fairy led Patna and Coulor through a passage, the walls of which were hung with rich curtains of silk embroidered with beasts and birds. At the other end of the passage they found themselves in a large saloon whose arched roof was of pure gold set with sparkling diamonds. On each side of the saloon were ranged against the wall eight and twenty thrones of massive silver, whereon sat the race of the Good Genii, clad in flowing robes. At the end of the apartment, on a throne of beaten gold, sat the King of the Genii in a white robe, and wearing a golden crown upon his head.

The Fairy took Patna and Coulor each by the hand, and approaching the royal throne, prostrated herself at its foot. Then rising she stood in silence with downcast eyes and hands folded upon her bosom.

"Good Fairy Moang," said the King of the Genii, "we bid thee welcome to these Halls of Wisdom, and we rejoice to see that thou hast brought hither the children of the Iman of Terki. Seat them before our throne, and bid them listen in silence and with all due reverence to the tales of the Good Genii."

The Fairy did as she was commanded, and placed Patna and Coulor upon the carpet spread on the crystal pavement before the throne.

Thereupon the King of the Genii called in a loud voice: "Do thou, O Barhaddon, Guardian Genie, stand forth and relate to these children one of thy deeds accomplished for the benefit of mankind."

At this command a Genie of terrible but noble countenance, clad in a flame-coloured robe, descended from his silver throne, and having prostrated himself, arose and began thus: —

"O Sage Being, I have endeavoured to act at all times in accordance with the precepts of our lord Solomon, the son of David, on both of whom be peace! — as ye may now learn from

THE HISTORY OF ABUDAH AND THE SEARCH FOR THE TALISMAN OF OROMANES

The Ebony Box

IN the days of the Caliph Haroun Er Raschid, there dwelt in the City of Bagdad, the Abode of Peace, a wealthy merchant named Abudah. He possessed merchandise and riches worthy of a sultan, and palaces and slaves without number. He was famed not only for his magnificence, but also for his generosity, since he daily fed a thousand poor.

But these many gifts of fortune did not render Abudah happy. He was filled with discontent, which grew greater hourly, and he wished for more riches

and power, wherefore he spent his nights in affliction and tears.

One night as he lay upon his divan and his mind was full of melancholy thoughts, a small ebony box suddenly appeared in a corner of the room, and flew as if on wings to the side of his couch. The cover of the box sprang open, and out hobbled a little yellow Witch leaning on a crutch.

"O Abudah!" said she, pointing a bony finger at him, "why dost thou delay to search for the Talisman of Oromanes, the Talisman of Perfect Happiness? Know, if thou do possess this blessing, then not only all the riches of the world shall be thine, but also joy and happiness without measure. Until thou hast procured this inestimable Talisman, I will visit thee nightly and torment thee because of thy idleness. And this mine ebony box shall remain forever in thy room."

Having said thus, she hobbled back into the box, and, with a hideous cry, shut herself in. The box immediately returned to the corner from which it had come.

The next night Abudah had scarcely retired to his divan, before the box again flew to his side, and the lid sprang open, and the Witch descending upbraided him fiercely as before. Then she reëntered the box, and, with a hideous cry, shut herself in, and the box

returned to its place. So matters continued for ten nights, at the end of which time the merchant could stand the torment no more, and became filled with a burning desire to possess the Talisman of Oromanes.

He therefore prepared a banquet of the choicest viands and the most refreshing drinks. He spread rich carpets and silken cushions by the side of the fountain in his great hall, and sent out messengers to invite his friends to a feast.

The guests arrived immediately, and while they were eating and drinking, Abudah inquired of them if they knew where the magic Talisman of Oromanes might be found. His friends replied that they had heard of the Talisman and of its wonderful virtues, but they despaired of ever being able to procure it, since all who had set out in search of it had either disappeared, or their bodies had been found blackening in the desert sand.

The next day Abudah sent out a crier through the streets of the city, who proclaimed with a loud voice: "O ye people of Bagdad! Abudah the merchant will give riches, palaces, and beautiful slaves to any one who can inform him where the Talisman of Oromanes may be found."

As soon as the shades of night descended, there appeared before the palace of Abudah a venerable Sheykh, who announced that he had heard the offer of

the merchant, and had come to make known the place where the Talisman was preserved. He was immediately led into the presence of the afflicted Abudah, who commanded that the apartment should be cleared of all his attendants in order that no one but himself might hear what the Sheykh had to reveal.

Left alone with the merchant, the Sheykh began as follows: —

"O Abudah, wealthy merchant of Bagdad, know that Destiny hath singled thee out to discover the Talisman of Oromanes! Such bliss, alas! is withheld from the poor and needy outcasts like myself! Alas! the wondrous Talisman is forever shut away from our search, since, O fortunate one, it is necessary to expend great wealth and to prepare a magnificent present if one wish to procure the Talisman. Thou, O fortunate one, hast riches sufficient for the search!"

"But, my friend," said Abudah, "thou neglectest to inform me where I may find this precious Talisman."

"It is lodged," replied the Sheykh, "in the Valley of Bocchim. Treasure Genii are its guardians. And it is kept by them among the riches of the earth. Thou canst not gain admission to this valley unless thou go laden with every variety of costly silks, and rich spices, and innumerable treasures. These thou must present to the King of the Treasure Genii, whose

Afrites and Marids keep watch over the earthly paradise of riches in the Valley of Bocchim. If thy treasure be not sufficiently large, all thy labour will be in vain."

Abudah, hearing these words, was transported with joy to learn that the Talisman of Oromanes might be purchased with wealth.

"I have," cried he, "nine thousand acres of rich land on the banks of the River Tigris. I have twelve thousand estates of fruit, oil, and corn. I have twenty-two mines of the finest diamonds, and six hundred ships that fish for the most costly pearls. I have, moreover, eight hundred warehouses, and four hundred storerooms filled with bales of precious brocades and fine linens, and with chests of rare spices and perfumes. Besides these, the fortunes of nine Viziers are mortgaged to me for a hundred years. And my numerous palaces are filled with gold and silver, and magnificent furniture, and with memlooks and the most beautiful of Circassian slave-girls."

"O happy, happy Abudah!" sighed the venerable Sheykh. "Thine, then, and thine only, it is to purchase a passage into the Valley of Bocchim!"

"If so," continued Abudah with joy, "direct me instantly to the entrance of this valley!"

"Alas!" answered the Sheykh, "it is far beyond the deserts of Arabia, and many days' journey hence.

Besides, thy present is not yet prepared. If thou wilt permit thy servant to make the choice of gifts, thou mayest set forth shortly, and find a speedy and happy issue to thy search."

Hearing this, Abudah immediately gave orders that the Sheykh should be permitted to use as much of his wealth as he saw fit. And then, retiring to his private apartment, the merchant gave himself up to meditation on the intended journey.

The Sheykh thereupon disposed of a large portion of the riches of Abudah, and prepared a splendid caravan to accompany the merchant into the desert.

Adventure First — The Valley of Bocchim

THE appointed day being arrived, Abudah took leave of his wife Selima and of his children and friends. And attended by the Sheykh he joined the caravan which was drawn up in long order in the streets of Bagdad.

The caravan began its march. First came five hundred archers mounted on the fleetest coursers; behind whom were twelve thousand oxen, their horns wreathed with garlands of flowers, thirty thousand sheep with gilded horns, and two hundred magnificently caparisoned horses.

After these were driven two hundred camels laden with every variety of dried and preserved fruits and

rich confections; a thousand more with fine wines; five hundred with pure oil; five hundred more with rare and costly spices and perfumes.

These were followed by an enormous chariot of beaten gold, drawn by four elephants, and filled with a great quantity of precious metals. Into this chariot the venerable Sheykh mounted, arrayed in purple and gold, and pointing a rod toward the Valley of Bocchim.

Then came fifty chariots laden with the richest silks and brocades, after which advanced fifty memlooks bearing strings of large pearls. They were followed at a distance by a hundred mutes, behind whom, in two hundred palanquins ornamented with jewels, came as many beautiful female slaves, each guarded by four eunuchs, and clad in garments fit for a sultana.

Next in the procession was the merchant Abudah in a chariot of pearl of the most curious workmanship, drawn by ten milk-white horses whose trappings were of gold. As for the merchant's garments, nothing could have been more magnificent. They were of the most gorgeous brocade embroidered with jewels. On either side of the chariot were a hundred musicians playing on as many musical instruments, and fifty black slaves burning the choicest perfumes.

This magnificent cavalcade wound through the streets of Bagdad amid the shouts of the popu-

lace, and began its march toward the Valley of Bocchim.

The party proceeded for many days over rivers and mountains and desert wastes, until at length it arrived at a plain bounded on two sides by lofty mountains of black stone, and ending in a forest of dark cedars and palms. Here the Sheykh descended from his chariot, and commanded Abudah to follow him.

Leaving the caravan, they advanced toward the dark forest, and after having walked many hours, entered its gloomy depths.

They proceeded until evening, when they arrived at a massive rock in the side of which was a large cavern. The Sheykh entered the cavern, and immediately disappeared from Abudah's sight. As the merchant was about to follow him, he stooped down and looked in, and what was his horror to perceive that the cavern had no bottom. He fell back trembling, and stood waiting for the Sheykh to return.

As night drew near Abudah, seeing that the Sheykh did not return, climbed into the branches of a tree, resolved to await there the break of day. The severe fatigue of the journey had so exhausted him that, though he intended to watch, sleep soon overpowered him.

When he awoke the next morning, what was his surprise to see that everything around him glistened

in a dazzling manner. He examined the tree in which he was, and saw it to be of pure gold, and its leaves to be of frosted silver and emeralds, while from its branches hung clusters of rubies like the most beautiful cherries.

Looking down he perceived that he was no longer in the forest, but in a strange country. On every side glorious palaces glittered with gold and silver and precious stones, so that the whole seemed like a fairy rather than an earthly land.

Full of wonder Abudah hastened to descend the tree, and found the ground on which he stepped to be of gold dust and the pebbles, pearls. At his feet grew flowers formed of crystals, emeralds, turquoise, and sapphires. On every side there met his eyes trees and shrubs of glistening silver and gold, whose leaves were of frosted silver, and whose boughs were laden with fruits of all kinds formed of precious stones. The apples were of carbuncles, the cherries of rubies, the plums of amethysts, and the pears of diamonds with seeds of pearl.

The merchant saw before him a vista like a long street paved with gold, at the end of which a vast dome rose to the clouds. This dome shone so brightly that Abudah could scarcely look toward it. Impelled by the desire to know what kind of beings inhabited this strange land, he advanced to the dome.

Arriving before it, he perceived that it was entirely of burnished gold, and stood upon three hundred pillars of the same precious metal encrusted with jewels. Festoons of pearls, amethysts, jacinths, opals, and the most sparkling diamonds hung suspended from pillar to pillar.

Abudah, though the wealthiest of mankind, was struck with amazement at the profusion of riches and beauty that he saw before him. Entering one of the portals, he beheld beneath the dome a Genie of gigantic form seated upon a throne of massive gold, and surrounded by a throng of huge Afrites and Marids.

On the floor of the dome were placed, at regular intervals, great heaps of wealth such as Abudah had never seen before. And the crystal pavement on which he trod was covered with a curiously wrought carpet representing the riches of the earth in all their natural colours.

Abudah, abashed at this magnificent spectacle, and by the appearance of so many strange beings, was about to retire, when one of the Afrites, who stood nearest the throne, advanced and beckoned him forward. The merchant, trembling, obeyed, and approaching the throne bowed himself to the ground and kissed the carpet.

"O Abudah, merchant of Bagdad," said the King of the Treasure Genii, — for such was he, — "wel-

come to the Valley of Bocchim. Thy gifts have been accepted, and even now are conveyed to our treasury. As for thee, thou hast ever been a favourite of the Genii of Riches who guard this Valley. Thy search for the Talisman of Oromanes shall not go unrewarded. But do thou first accompany this Afrite who will permit thee to view the riches of the earth — a sight never before enjoyed by mortal man."

The huge Afrite, taking Abudah upon the palm of his broad hand, carried him toward a magnificent palace facing the eastern side of the dome. On entering this, the merchant perceived the windows to be of rock-crystal and the walls of white silver, while on the floor were heaped pieces of silver shaped like boughs of trees.

"These heaps," said the Afrite, "have their bases far down in the bowels of the earth, where they feed the mountains with silver ore."

The Afrite then carried Abudah into a building, shining like the sun, and having windows like those in the first palace. And in this place the merchant saw a profusion of gold shaped like branches of trees, and lying in heaps like the silver.

"These, too," said the Afrite, "have their bases in the centre of the earth and supply the world with gold."

Having thus spoken, the Afrite carried Abudah into

a palace that sparkled like a huge diamond. Here the merchant saw great wells filled to overflowing with amethysts, chrysolites, carnelians, rubies, sapphires, turquoise, jacinths, and all kinds of precious stones. And they threw out such brilliant lights that Abudah was almost blinded.

"These wells," said the Afrite, "extend far downward into the earth. The silver and gold thou hast seen are the boughs and branches that fall from the trees in this Valley of Riches; and these jewels are the fruits and flowers. All are carefully gathered by the Afrites and Marids, and placed in these depositories, the bottoms of which are covered with gratings that let their treasures out sparingly and in small pieces. These intermix with the earth, thus forming mines in all parts of the world. Each deposit of riches requires the hard labour of human beings before it can be brought to light."

Abudah was so stupefied by the sight of so many wonders that he was unable to speak. Seeing this, the Afrite conveyed him once more to the dome, and placed him upon the carpet before the throne of the King of the Treasure Genii.

"O fortunate Abudah!" said that great Genie, "to be permitted to gaze on the treasures of the Valley of Bocchim! But more wonderful yet is the favour that we are about to bestow upon thee! Go, O ye Afrites,

and bring forth the iron chest that is said to contain the Talisman of Oromanes."

At this command ten gigantic Afrites hastened and brought in a huge chest of black iron, bound round with strongest bands, and fastened with fifty locks.

"Here," said the King of the Treasure Genii, "O Abudah, is thy reward. Take the chest and return to Bagdad, and live in joy and peace the remainder of thy days."

"But," said Abudah, "must I carry with me this great chest which is so heavy that ten Afrites can scarcely lift it? Surely, O generous Ruler of this Valley of Bocchim, thou wilt permit me instead to open the chest and take from it the Talisman of Perfect Happiness, so that I may convey it hidden in my bosom to Bagdad."

"Wouldst thou, then," answered the King of the Treasure Genii, "take the precious Talisman from its place of security? Know, O presumptuous man, that while the sacred symbol is locked in the chest, no human force can take it from thee. It is written in the Chronicles of Time that he who doth possess the Talisman of Oromanes shall know perfect happiness; therefore, seek not to remove the treasure from its present place of concealment. Take, however, these fifty keys, but beware lest curiosity tempt thee to open the chest. Who can tell whether the brilliancy

of the Talisman may not be more than mortal can bear to behold!"

Having thus said, the King of the Treasure Genii commanded Abudah to stretch himself upon the chest, and to close his eyes. The merchant obeyed, and immediately sank into a profound slumber. Awaking at last, he found himself lying in his seraglio in Bagdad and his wife Selima asleep near him upon the divan.

Without saluting, or indeed looking at his wife, Abudah arose hastily, and taking in his hand the lighted lamp that was always burning in the centre of his apartment, he gazed about him.

He then perceived the iron chest standing in the corner where formerly had stood the ebony box. Feeling the bunch of keys in his bosom, he drew them forth, and advancing toward the chest tried the first key. To his amazement it would fit none of the locks; so taking the keys one by one, he tried them all, but, lo! not one would open a single lock!

Abudah, at this discovery, was filled with despair, and flinging himself upon the divan, began to lament his miserable fortune. At that moment he heard a rushing noise, and looking up, he perceived the small ebony box which had been the cause of all his disappointment, flying through the air. In an instant it was standing by his couch. The lid sprang open, and

the old Witch, hobbling from her confinement, began to upbraid him fiercely as before.

"O senseless Abudah!" cried she, pointing her bony finger at him, "O senseless one, to think that happiness could be purchased with wealth! Thou hast, indeed, the iron chest, and it will convey thee whithersoever thou may desire to go, but thou hast no key with which to open it, nor canst thou discover by force the effulgent beauty of the Talisman that lieth hidden within.

"Go then, O Abudah, search until thou find the Keys of Happiness, which will fit the fifty locks. Not in the Valley of Bocchim wilt thou discover them, but in a far distant land where pleasures reign eternal. But know, if thou hast not begun thy search ere this moon be passed, I will invent double horrors wherewith to plague thee."

Having said thus, she hobbled into the box, and, with a hideous cry, shut herself in, and the next moment Abudah beheld the ebony box mounted upon the iron chest.

And now his wife Selima awoke, and with surprise saw her husband Abudah lying drowned in tears at her side. She instantly pressed him in her arms, and, in a transport of joy, inquired by what happy fate he was returned.

"Why, knowest thou not," replied Abudah, "that

having mounted the car of pearl the venerable Sheykh prepared for me, I journeyed, attended by my magnificent caravan, to the Valley of Bocchim, and — "

"O my dear Abudah!" interrupted Selima, "with what madness hath that wicked enchanter possessed thee! What venerable Sheykh? What magnificent caravan? There, indeed, came a poor wretch hither, who stole a great part of thy wealth and often times talked with thee in private, in spite of all thy friends might say. One morning thou didst follow him from the Palace, mount with him into a small wagon, and didst ride away into the desert. From that day to this thy distressed family and friends have mourned thine absence."

At this recital Abudah turned his face to the wall, and spoke no more for several hours. At last, rising from the divan, "Fool that I was!" he said, "to trust that miserable imposter! Or to believe that the Talisman of Perfect Happiness could be purchased with riches!"

"Oh, rather," replied Selima, "may my lord find happiness in this city, surrounded by his family that adore him!"

The next morning the merchant returned to his business, and continued to conduct it each day as before, but his nights he spent in weeping and lamentation.

Nearly a month passed in this wise, when one night

Abudah was roused from a light slumber into which he had fallen, by the sound of most ravishing music.

A delicious odour of rare perfumes filled the apartment, and as the merchant gazed about him, he saw a small cloud descend from the ceiling. It expanded and opened, and revealed to his wondering eyes a Fairy of exquisite beauty, decked with chaplets of ever-living flowers. She held in one hand a goblet of crystal, into which she pressed the sparkling juice from a cluster of purple grapes.

"O fortunate Abudah!" said she. "Quaff the nectar from this crystal goblet, and recline once more upon yonder iron chest. The faithful treasure will convey thee to the magic realms where the Keys of Happiness are preserved."

And as the Fairy ceased speaking, she advanced toward the delighted merchant, who, snatching the goblet from her hand, drained from it a rich and sparkling draught. Instantly the Fairy vanished, and Abudah, hastening to the iron chest, sank in slumber upon it, and resigned himself to another adventure.

Adventure Second — The Garden of Delight

WHEN morning was come, the merchant Abudah was awakened by the songs of innumerable birds, and perceived himself to be lying upon a couch in the centre of a silken pavilion. The floor was strewn

with fresh lilies and roses, while the couch whereon he reclined was covered with the finest damask embroidered with beasts and birds, so like life that they seemed to start out from beneath him. Cages of gold wire were suspended from the roof, in which were birds of brilliant plumage, whose songs had awakened him. He turned his eyes from side to side, only to observe new wonders. Then, arising from the couch, he approached the door of the pavilion.

He saw himself to be in the midst of a wide green plain, in which were groves of orange and citron trees. Perfumed breezes fanned his brow, and flowers of many kinds and various colours mingled with the green grass. He beheld at a distance a winding stream, and thither he directed his steps. And as he did so, flocks of bright birds flew singing from tree to tree.

Approaching the stream, he perceived a bark of ivory awaiting him, manned by ten beautiful youths. Each was clad in a robe of azure silk and wore a white turban; while two of them held lutes in their hands. They beckoned to the happy Abudah, whereupon he entered the bark. Immediately eight of the youths plied oars of sandalwood, dipping them gently in the water that sparkled at their touch. Thus they caused the bark to glide along; and as they did so, the two youths holding the lutes touched the instruments, and sang so sweetly that they ravished the ear.

On either side of the stream were rocks formed of crystal, over which hung boughs laden with strange transparent fruits. And as the bark passed beneath, rich spices and refreshing fruits dropped into Abudah's lap, and he drank of the cool and delicious water of the stream.

They proceeded onward, thus, for some time, until the stream widened into a spacious lake. On either shore were green groves of myrtle and citron trees, above which appeared the tops of numerous gilded domes, silken pavilions and glittering palaces. All around, on the margin of the lake, grew hyacinths and narcissus, while near the bark floated snow-white swans, whose breasts were reflected in the clear blue water.

Abudah gazed about him with wonder and rapture, and beheld many other barks sailing to and fro upon the lake. Some were of mother-of-pearl, others of ivory; while over each was spread an embroidered canopy from which streamed bright banners. Beneath the canopies reclined youths and damsels; some of whom were feasting, others singing, and still others playing on lutes and harps.

The eight youths, keeping time with their oars, rowed the bark in which was Abudah to the other side of the lake. There the merchant saw a small bay, the sand of which was white like camphor. The youths

motioned him to leave the bark, and he stepped out upon the white sand. Immediately the little boat shot away and joined the others sailing to and fro upon the water.

Abudah then perceived in the distance a lofty palace of transparent whiteness, rising toward the sky. Thither he directed his steps. Arriving there, he saw it to be built of alabaster, with a great door of pearl. He knocked and the door was instantly opened by ten damsels more beautiful than the full moon.

"Welcome, Abudah, fortunate one!" said they. "Welcome to this Garden of Delight! Here only doth the Talisman of Oromanes shine forth in perfect splendour. Enter and prepare thyself for the happiness that hath long awaited thee."

On hearing these words Abudah almost swooned from excessive joy; but restraining himself, followed the damsels into the palace. They led him through innumerable saloons hung with curtains of rich stuffs embroidered with pictures of the banquet and the dance. On every side he saw skilfully wrought statues of Genii and Fairies plucking flowers or wreathing garlands.

At length they conducted him into a spacious apartment, lighted by a dome, and the floor of which was paved with costly marbles. In the centre of the apartment was a pool into which played a fountain

of perfumed water, and a flight of onyx steps led down to the water.

The damsels signed to the wondering Abudah to enter and bathe, whereupon they withdrew. Instantly invisible Afrites prepared him for the bath; and, descending the steps, he plunged into the sweet-scented water.

On returning to the floor of the apartment, he saw to his amazement that his garments had been removed, and in their place lay a magnificent robe and turban. The robe was of rose-coloured satin embroidered with sprigs of myrtle and flowers of pearl, while the turban was adorned with a variety of pearls and jewels. The invisible Afrites arrayed him in these, after which he advanced toward a door at the end of the apartment, and opened it.

He found himself in a lofty saloon having four and twenty windows of gilded lattice-work. The ceiling was of azure colour and on it were inscribed mysterious characters in gold, and the floor was inlaid with ivory and ebony, and spread with saffron. Large perfuming vessels, filled with aloeswood and ambergris, made the air fragrant. Golden lamps and innumerable candles, diffusing the perfume of musk, illuminated all.

In the centre of the saloon was a fountain of bright water playing into an alabaster basin, over which was

a pavilion of crimson brocade. On all sides were hung from the ceiling golden cages, containing birds that sang in melodious chorus.

And as Abudah gazed in rapture about him, a door at the other end of the saloon opening, the ten damsels entered, each richly clothed. Five of them carried tambourines, and these advanced toward Abudah, singing and dancing, and bade him welcome.

The other five damsels spread a silken carpet and soft cushions beneath the pavilion, by the side of the fountain, and sprinkled the air with rose-water infused with musk. They next advanced and, joining the five dancing damsels, led Abudah to the fountain, and seated him upon the cushions. Then all ten damsels placed themselves near him, and clapped their hands. Immediately invisible Afrites entered the saloon, and set forth a delicious repast; and the damsels served Abudah on plates of gold and from cups of crystal. Delicate ragouts, rich pastries, confections, nuts, fruits, and cooling sherbets, followed one another in profusion.

The banquet being ended, one of the damsels arose and fetched a silver basin and ewer, and bathed Abudah's hands, wiping them with a silken napkin. Then all the damsels arose, and together conducted the happy merchant into the garden that surrounded the palace.

The sun was disappearing when Abudah and his ten guides reached the end of an extensive terrace; and he saw rising before him a great dome formed of fresh lilies and roses, and supported by four and twenty pillars of myrtle. The floor of this dome was of green moss, and in the centre were placed two thrones made of ever-living flowers. Jasmines, eglantine, narcissus, anemones, and many other blossoms filled the air with their fragrance, while above the two thrones was spread a canopy of trailing rose-vines.

And as Abudah and the ten damsels entered, the youths and maidens whom he had seen sporting in the barks upon the lake came thronging toward the dome. Then suddenly Abudah heard the most harmonious music, and a procession of forty white-clad damsels, as beautiful as Houris, approached, scattering violets and roses as they passed. They took their places behind the two thrones, and were immediately followed by forty equally beautiful youths, likewise clad in white, and strewing the ground with myrtle. After them came ten black slave boys, dressed in yellow garments, and bearing aloft a canopy of white brocade beneath which walked a damsel of surpassing grace and loveliness. Her form was as slender as a willow branch, and she was clad in flowing robes of green embroidered with pomegranate blossoms, while from head to foot she was wrapped in a veil of gauze.

Immediately all present bowed themselves to the ground, while she took her place on one of the thrones. She then lifted her veil, and disclosed to Abudah's astonished gaze a face of perfect beauty. Her forehead was more lovely than the moon, her black eyes like stars, her skin white as milk, her lips like coral, and her long dark hair like a cloud of night. At the sight of so much beauty, Abudah stood abashed.

"Where," said she, in a voice of exquisite sweetness, "are the keepers of my Garden of Delight? Bid them present at once before my throne Abudah the merchant of Bagdad, who hath come hither to visit our flowery paradise."

Thereupon the ten damsels led the merchant forward, who, prostrating himself, kissed the ground before the throne.

"Know, O Abudah," said the beautiful one, "that I am a Daughter of the Genii, and these youths and damsels that attend me, are all Afrites and Fairies. Fortunate, indeed, art thou that the Genii of Wisdom have seen fit to convey thee hither upon the iron chest that containeth the Talisman of Oromanes. In this Garden reigneth eternal bliss, and here only may perfect happiness be found. Music and feasting, dancing and singing, while away the hours. Here alone shalt thou find, O Abudah, the keys thou art seeking.

She then lifted her veil, and disclosed to Abudah's astonished gaze a face of perfect beauty

Rejoice, for to-night thou mayest open the fifty locks, and gaze in awe and rapture upon the Talisman!"

Abudah was filled with delight, his eyes sparkled with joy, and he cast himself down once more before the throne.

"Fortunate, indeed, am I!" cried he, "to be deemed worthy to enter thy Garden of Delight! But more fortunate am I to receive from thy hand the keys that will open the iron chest! Therefore have pity on me, and give them to me at once, for I have wandered far and suffered because of them!"

"Have patience, my Abudah," said the Daughter of the Genii, smiling. "Thou shalt open the chest this night, but first must thou pledge thyself to remain forever here. Thou shalt then reign with me over these happy bowers. Mount now this empty throne beside me, and in due time thou shalt receive the fifty keys."

Abudah, his heart overcome with longing, hastened to ascend the throne beside the Daughter of the Genii. Instantly a rich banquet was prepared by the invisible Afrites, and a thousand coloured lamps were suspended beneath the dome. Thus the gay company passed the time with merriment, until the hour of midnight drew near. Then Abudah, who grew momently more impatient to possess the Talisman, be-

sought the Daughter of the Genii to present him with the keys.

"O, my ever-beloved Abudah," replied she, "behold the chest is before thee. Take thou these keys, and enter into immediate possession of the Talisman of Perfect Happiness."

Abudah received the keys with joy; and observing that the iron chest stood before his throne, he hastened to descend and open it. As he touched the locks, one by one they flew wide, until at last not a single lock remained unopened. But no sooner did he stoop to lift the lid than a sudden and awful darkness fell on all the Garden.

He heard a noise like the breaking and rending of great rocks; while the loud thunder roared, and streams of crooked lightning encircled him with horrid blaze. He heard, also, the shrieks and cries of the once gay Afrites and Fairies, who vanished as the dome fell with a loud crash to the ground.

The angry lightning continued, and Abudah, looking toward the Daughter of the Genii, saw — Oh, most fearful sight! — her once soft form was parching and contracting and growing bony and crooked. Her eyes had lost their lustre, and were become small and fierce. And, lo! Abudah beheld her change into the little yellow Witch leaning upon her crutch, with fury darting from her eyes.

"Wretch as well as fool!" she shrieked, pointing her bony finger at him. "How didst thou dare to seek the Talisman of Oromanes in the Garden of Selfish Delight! Wretch, to forget thy wife and children, and pledge thy soul to remain forever here where evil lurketh as doth the serpent among roses! But now I leave thee to the joy thou hast found. Let this dungeon of horrors be forevermore thy prison."

Thus saying, she struck Abudah with her crutch, and with a hideous cry vanished from his sight. The blow of the crutch filled the unhappy merchant with fearful pains in every limb. Darkness and silence fell on all, and he began to wander about what seemed to be an endless cavern.

Adventure Third — The Iron Kingdom of Tasgi

THUS it was with the merchant Abudah. He continued to wander for some time about the cavern, groaning with despair. At every step he trod on a venomous creature. Serpents hissed at him, and toads spit malignant fire. At length, bewildered by all these horrors, he sank down upon the slimy floor, and lay there until sleep overpowered him.

When he awoke, and found himself still in the darkness of that fearful place, tears ran down his cheeks until they wet his garments. Then suddenly a Voice spoke from a distant recess of the cavern.

"What wretch art thou," asked the Voice, "that remainest alive in this abode of desolation?"

Abudah arose trembling with fear, and approached that part of the cavern from whence the Voice seemed to come. "Wretch indeed am I!" said he, "who, in his search for the Talisman of Oromanes, hath been left to perish in this place of death!"

"What!" said the Voice. "O miserable human being, didst thou think the road to that noble jewel lay through the Garden of Selfish Delight! No! Rough is the road, and precipitous the climb that leadeth to the Mount on which is preserved the Talisman of Happiness."

"Verily," replied Abudah, "I care not where the Talisman may be; since I am doomed to wander here until I die."

"Nay," said the Voice, "if thy heart be firm enough to face great dangers, and thy body strong enough to bear the fearful climb along the road that leadeth from this place, thou needest not die."

The despairing soul of Abudah was once more filled with hope. "O Genie, or whatsoever thou art," cried he, "in the name of thy master, Solomon, the son of David, — on both of whom be peace! — I conjure thee, show me that road. Neither pain nor dangers shall hinder me from following whithersoever it may lead!"

"Take, then, the path before thee," answered the Voice. "At this point the cavern seemeth to descend. Fear not to stoop in order to rise. Follow the descent until thou comest to a winding way that goeth up through the bowels of the Mountain of Tasgi in which this cavern is situated."

The Voice ceased speaking, and Abudah, urged on by eager hope, began the dreadful descent. The farther he proceeded, the deeper became the slime and filth, and a foul odour arose that grew more unendurable at every step. The roof of the cavern bent downward, until Abudah could no longer stand, but was forced to crawl through the slime under arches of rock.

He arrived at length at the distant end of the cavern, and feeling with his hands, found a small opening in the wall, from which issued noisome vapours. He threw himself upon his face, and creeping through the opening, ceased not to proceed until he entered a precipitous passage leading up through the interior of the mountain. The floor of the passage was formed of broken rocks, and the roof rose to a great height.

Abudah was consumed with terror by reason of the thick darkness that filled the place. But remembering the words of the Voice, he continued to advance along the winding ascent. The jagged rocks tore his

limbs, so that they bled, and he was forced to remove masses of stone that obstructed his way.

At last he arrived at a flight of stairs hewn in the rock, and as he mounted these, he perceived in the distance a glimmer of light. And he heard, as if from afar, a murmuring noise, that increased as he approached the light, until it sounded like the roaring sea.

When Abudah reached the upper step, he came to another opening through which daylight entered the mountain. At the same moment the noise without became so terrifying that he hesitated to pass through. Then, remembering the words of the Voice, he encouraged his heart, and stooping down began to creep through to the light.

No sooner did the merchant reach the other side than he heard ten thousand voices crying:—

"Peace be to our Sultan Abudah, who cometh forth from the Mountain of Tasgi!"

And as he arose to his feet, and gazed about him, he perceived that he stood at the base of a high black mountain. He beheld before him a multitude of armed men, while beyond them he saw a wide plain filled with black rocks, whereon were built many fortified cities and towers.

At the sight of Abudah, the whole multitude again broke into a shout:—,

"Peace and prosperity be to our Sultan!"

Immediately a Grand Vizier, accompanied by a number of grandees and eunuchs, stepped forward and bowed himself to the ground; while a black slave threw a royal robe over Abudah's shoulders, and placed a costly turban upon his head.

The Grand Vizier then commanded silence, and prostrating himself before Abudah, said:—

"O Sultan, live forever! O wonder of mankind! O son of the sacred Mountain of Tasgi! Thou most glorious of all Sultans of earth! Behold thy slaves, whose one desire is to be trodden under thy feet as is the dust of the plain! Thine only is perfect happiness, since thou alone dost possess the chest that containeth the Talisman of Oromanes! Rule, therefore, thine iron Kingdom of Tasgi, according to thy pleasure!"

And as the Grand Vizier ceased speaking, the whole multitude shouted:—

"Peace be to our Sultan! Rule thy slaves according to thy pleasure!"

On hearing these words, Abudah's heart was swelled with conceit and pride. In a haughty manner he set his foot upon the neck of the Grand Vizier commanding that he should escort him at once to the royal palace. Immediately ten black slaves brought forward a throne of ebony, over which was a canopy

of gold embroidery. Into this Abudah ascended, and was borne upon the shoulders of grandees of the Kingdom of Tasgi.

He soon saw that he was approaching a vast encampment, composed of pavilions of various colours. One division was of blue; another, of red; another, of green; and still another, of silver. In the centre of this splendid armament stood the royal pavilion, which shone with the lustre of red, gold, and blue velvet, so that it looked more like a palace than a pavilion of war.

Into this Abudah was carried, and placed upon another throne. He commanded that all should go out from before him, except the Grand Vizier. The rest being gone, the Grand Vizier threw himself before the throne crying: —

"May my lord the Sultan Abudah rule forever over his servant Harran!"

"O Harran," said Abudah, "arise, and declare unto me what is the cause of this great armament; and why the armies of Tasgi are assembled for battle."

At these words the Grand Vizier Harran arose, and stood humbly before the throne.

"Know, O Sultan," said he, "that it is a custom with us yearly to assemble for war. But a few hours since, the Genii, who preside over the Destiny of this valley, removed from us our Sultan Rammasin, and

the same Genii bade us await here the coming of our true Sultan, Abudah of Bagdad, the possessor of the Talisman of Oromanes. Hence it is that thy slaves abide thy commands."

"And who," asked Abudah, "are our neighbours on the other side of the mountain?"

"They are the Shakarahs," said the Grand Vizier, "a gentle race, without soldiers, and utterly unable to resist the army of Tasgi, or to defend themselves against the valour of our Sultan. Their territories are upon the seashore, and their cities are great and full of treasure."

"Poor in spirit should I be," said Abudah, "if I continued to permit this weak people to possess that which should belong to the iron Kingdom of Tasgi! Therefore, O Harran, bid the trumpets to sound, and the drums to beat, and let it be proclaimed throughout the camp that the Sultan Abudah will at once revenge the insults which the inhabitants of Tasgi have received from their perfidious enemies."

"I hear and obey," replied Harran with joy, and he hastened and left the pavilion.

Then Abudah clapped his hands, and ten black slaves entered who at his command bathed him, and anointed his wounds with healing oil. After which they clad him in rich garments, and presented him with weapons suitable for war.

Meanwhile the army assembled, the drums beat like stormy winds, the horses were caparisoned, and all was made ready for the march. The earth trembled beneath the tread of the multitude of men and beasts. And Abudah, bloated with pride, rode forth at the head of his army.

Now, when the Shakarahs beheld the approach of that vast array, and heard the shouts of the soldiers, the beating of the drums, the sounding of the trumpets, and the neighing of the horses, and saw the glitter of the spears, and the waving of the banners, they trembled with terror. Then they sent forth ambassadors to entreat the Sultan of Tasgi to withdraw in peace from their land, and return to his own country.

The ambassadors prostrated themselves before Abudah, saying: —

"Wherefore is our lord the Sultan come out armed against his friends and neighbours the Shakarahs, who, far from doing any harm, have not even thought evil of the people of Tasgi! Verily, if, without knowing it, we have offended in aught, we will make restitution a hundredfold. Let it please our lord the Sultan to renew his peace with us, and return again to his own land."

"Base slaves," answered the enraged Abudah, "it becometh not the mighty Sultan of the iron Kingdom of Tasgi to be taught by such as you! Behold, I am

come against you to punish you for insolence, and to give all that ye have as spoil to my faithful servants."

Having thus said, Abudah commanded the ambassadors to be driven from his presence with blows. He then gave orders that the army should attack at once the Shakarahs, and take possession of their lands and wealth.

Thereupon the soldiers, in a fierce rage, fell upon the innocent people, slaughtering some, and expelling others from the country. After which Abudah, laden with spoil, and driving the grandees of the Shakarahs before him as slaves, returned to the encampment upon the plain before the Mountain of Tasgi.

Scarcely was he again seated on his throne in the royal pavilion, before he summoned his Viziers, emirs, and other officers of his Kingdom.

"O Harran," said he to the Grand Vizier, "know that the iron chest that doth contain the Talisman of Oromanes lieth buried beneath the Mountain of Tasgi. Do thou, therefore, bid the Shakarah slaves dig in the mountain until they find that wondrous chest with fifty locks."

At this command the Grand Vizier turned pale and shook with indignation. He tore his garments and cried out: "Alas! O presumptuous tyrant! Wouldst thou dare to profane the sacred Mountain of Tasgi, that is the abode of the powerful Genii who protect

this valley? Know that such an insult will not pass unpunished!"

Abudah boiled with rage at these words. "Take," shouted he, "that rebel Harran, and let his head be severed from his body, and his tongue devoured by dogs!"

Whereupon the other Viziers, emirs, and officers present dragged the Grand Vizier from the royal pavilion, and executed their Sultan's order.

This being done, Abudah arose from his throne, and arming himself, hastened to the mountain. He caused the fainting Shakarahs to dig night and day until they unearthed the iron chest, and conveyed it into the royal pavilion.

Then Abudah inquired throughout the Kingdom of Tasgi for the fifty keys, but found them not. He commanded that every engine of power should be applied to break the locks. But in vain; the chest resisted all endeavours, and would not yield to the utmost force.

Thereupon Abudah sent forth a crier through the cities of Tasgi, who proclaimed, "O ye inhabitants of Tasgi! the Sultan your master will reward with palaces, and untold wealth, the man who maketh keys that will open the fifty locks of the iron chest that containeth the Talisman of Oromanes."

On that day all the locksmiths of the Kingdom set

to work to contrive keys that would fit the locks, but they were unable to do so. But when the shades of night began to fall upon the encampment, there came to the pavilion of Abudah an aged man, who presented the Sultan with a bunch of fifty keys, after which he departed without speaking.

Then Abudah called all his Viziers, emirs, and officers together, and bade one of them open the chest. He endeavoured to do so; and lo! the first lock flew open at a touch. But while the second was being opened, the first closed again firmer than before.

Abudah, puffed with pride and enraged by disappointment, ordered fifty of his soldiers to take each a key, and to open all the locks at the same moment. They did so, and as they were about to lift the lid, a flash of lightning issued from the chest, and reduced them all to ashes.

Abudah, raging with hotter anger, commanded another fifty to take their places, and to open the chest. This they attempted to do, but were immediately reduced to ashes like the first.

Then the rest of the soldiers, perceiving that Abudah was about to command another fifty to open the fearful chest, fled in terror from his presence. And when the officers of his army saw that their Sultan had no power over the Talisman of Oromanes, they

no longer feared him, but advanced clashing their spears and shouting for his death.

The unhappy Abudah, expecting every moment to be slaughtered, sprang upon the chest, which soared with him through the air. Stupefied and giddy he sank into a deep slumber, and was wafted far away from the iron Kingdom of Tasgi.

Adventure Fourth — The Grove of Wisdom

THE merchant Abudah awoke, and found himself lying upon the iron chest beneath an overhanging rock, shaded by palm trees. As he gazed before him, he beheld a small rivulet that flowed through a narrow vale, on either side of which were verdant hills. He saw a venerable Sheykh approaching. His white beard descended over his breast, and he leaned upon a staff, while he slowly moved along the vale, directing his steps toward the rock beneath which the merchant reclined.

Abudah arose, and, still wearing the royal turban and magnificent vestments of the Sultan of Tasgi, advanced to meet the Sheykh. And on seeing him the old man bowed himself to the ground.

"O Abudah of Bagdad!" he said, "O Sultan of Tasgi! Thou who deignest to visit this Grove of Wisdom in quest of science, permit Abraharad, the humblest of the sons of knowledge, to conduct thee to the

Palace of Learning which our lord Solomon, the son of David, — on both of whom be peace! — erected for the investigation of truth. The vale thou perceivest before thee doth lead to the palace, where the fountains of knowledge are unsealed and happiness attained."

Having thus said, the venerable Sheykh led the way, and Abudah, somewhat recovered from his confusion, followed.

"Alas!" thought he, "verily I have wandered blindly seeking happiness in greatness and power! Surely in this Grove of Wisdom shall I discover the true keys that will unlock forever the iron chest, and yield me the possession of the Talisman."

Scarcely had he thought thus than they arrived at the end of the vale, and entered a grove where Abudah beheld before him the Palace of Learning. Its walls were of ebony, with an arched doorway of steel, over which were inscribed, in letters of brass, these words: —

"*O Thou that seekest Wisdom,*
Leave mankind and hide within these walls;
In Knowledge only may Happiness be found!"

The Sheykh Abraharad knocked upon the door, and immediately it was opened by a black slave boy. They entered, and the Sheykh, taking Abudah by the hand, conducted him through a vaulted passage, the

walls and roof of which were of ebony. They ceased not to go on, until they came into a great saloon of black marble, in which were four porticoes, one on each side.

In every portico was a fountain of black stone, having at its four corners lions of brass. And there was placed by each fountain a chair of ebony curiously wrought, whereon was seated an old man, before whom were many books; and on the floor at his feet sat students who read aloud from the books. So it was in each portico.

"Behold, O Sultan," said Abraharad, "the Hall of Learning, where even the mightiest kings of the earth seek earnestly for the wisdom that made our lord Solomon — on whom be peace! — the wisest of human beings. Here may man learn the properties of herbs and roots, and of all kinds of minerals. Here, also, may he contemplate the sun, moon, and stars, and inquire into the laws that guide their courses. But above all, by those processes that are the secrets of the alchemist, he may discover the universal solvent that dissolves all Nature. Therefore, O Sultan, choose thou the science thou desirest to investigate, and I will deliver thee into the hand of the Sheykh who is best skilled in that science, — for in knowledge only mayest thou find true happiness!"

"Know, O Abraharad," said Abudah, "that,

though I, the Sultan of Tasgi, am desirous of seeking true wisdom in this Grove, yet always my search is for the Talisman of Oromanes. Therefore, do thou, O Abraharad, guide my choice, and declare unto me in what science I may find that treasure."

"The Talisman is the ultimate end of all the researches in this Palace of Learning," replied the Sheykh. "Well it is for the Sultan of Tasgi that he hath met with the Alchemist Abraharad, who alone can unfold to him the secrets of Nature. For who was this Oromanes but the great Magician of Fire, the first alchemist of that powerful element? Descend with me, therefore, O Sultan, into my laboratory, and I will at once show thee the mysteries of my science."

Abraharad, having thus said, conducted Abudah through many passages, until they arrived at a door of brass. The Sheykh opening this, Abudah found himself in a small apartment in which were numerous strange instruments, and vials filled with liquids of various colours. And while he gazed about him, the Sheykh set in order his materials. He threw charcoal upon the fire in a furnace, and with bellows blew up the flame. Then he compounded salts, earths, and spirits, mixing them in a crucible; after which he set the vessel on the fire.

"Patience and experiment, O Sultan, are the strength of the alchemist," said Abraharad. "The

secret I am now preparing gave to the great Magician Sharmardal the power to dissolve the earth, and reveal hidden treasures. Other secrets I have; one of which I am about to show thee, O fortunate one! Behold!"

So saying, the Sheykh Abraharad darkened the laboratory, and immediately Abudah perceived in vivid writing of fire on the wall; these words:—

"The Sultan of Tasgi shall be satisfied!"

At this sight Abudah was transported with joy; whereupon the Sheykh said: "Let not this appearance too rashly inspire thy hopes! This luminous writing is but the natural result of my science. Enough! I now see the colours arising in the furnace. Behold the mixture in the crucible! What flashes of red, green, purple, yellow, and white arise from the solvent! Brighter, O Sultan, than the rubies and emeralds of thine empire!"

And Abudah, gazing into the furnace, perceived the most glorious colours moving in the crucible of Abraharad.

"These elements thou seest," continued the Sheykh, "are fused together by the fierce heat, and thus form my universal solvent. And now all the secrets of Nature will be laid bare before me!"

"Then," cried Abudah joyfully, "the Talisman of Oromanes is mine!"

"That may be possible," replied the Sheykh, "but it will take some time for us to discover where Oromanes, the mighty Alchemist of Fire, hath hidden the treasure."

"Verily," said Abudah, "it is enclosed in the iron chest, whereon thou didst see me seated beneath the rock. With this solvent thou mayest open the fifty locks!"

"Hast thou, then, O Sultan!" cried Abraharad with delight, "the chest of adamant, said to contain the philosophic Talisman, which giveth immortality, riches, honour, and therefore happiness, to the possessor? Let us go at once and with this solvent release the treasure."

"Rather," said Abudah, "will I go and bring it hither, for by its virtue I may be transported whithersoever I desire."

Having thus said, Abudah, hastening forth from the palace, returned through the vale to the rock. And having seated himself upon the chest, at a wish he was conveyed into the laboratory of Abraharad.

The Sheykh, after having viewed the chest with rapture, took forth the crucible from the furnace. He poured the glowing liquid upon the fifty locks, and immediately red flashes issued from the chest. And a bolt of lightning drove violently through the temples of Abraharad and reduced him to ashes.

At this dreadful sight Abudah ran forth from the laboratory in madness, and filled the great saloon with sighs and groans. And even as he wandered about, he beheld another Sheykh of imposing mien advancing toward him from one of the porticoes.

"O miserable Abudah," said the Sheykh, "why wilt thou neglect to possess the Talisman of Happiness when it is in thy power to enjoy it?"

"And canst thou assure me of this?" asked Abudah once more transported by hope.

"Must not true happiness be seated in the mind?" said the Sheykh. "Cool and moderate thy grief, and follow me. Verily I, Gherar the Philosopher, will heal thy mind which at present is agitated by worldly unrest."

The Sheykh then led Abudah forth to a river that flowed through the grove surrounding the Palace of Learning.

"How delightful," said Gherar, "are the sweet dews that are again arising at the call of the morning sun! The Grove of Wisdom stands refreshed by the cool of night. The day is glorious! Yet all this is vanity! The true philosopher doth not contemplate the outward charms of Nature, but looketh within the mind, and there alone he findeth repose. In short, O Abudah, the philosopher is serene of spirit. Nothing can move or disquiet his calm. He neither feareth nor hopeth.

He neither loveth nor hateth. And always he doth bear within his bosom a contentment that is unshaken, because he desireth but to contemplate the wonders of his own mind."

And as the Sheykh Gherar was thus speaking, a fierce tiger burst from a thicket, with eyes sending forth dreadful fires, and mouth red with gore. At this sight, Abudah, crying out with fear, leaped into the river, and swam to the other side. Having mounted the bank, he looked toward the philosopher Gherar, and beheld him running with speed before the tiger, and uttering lamentable cries.

Abudah, terrified lest the tiger should cross the river, hastened to follow a path that led between two hills. And he ceased not to proceed until he reached a wide green plain, whereon he beheld many flocks of sheep feeding. And near the sheep, at the entrance of a cave, he perceived a handsome shepherd reposing on the grass. Seeing Abudah, the shepherd arose, and bowed himself to the ground.

"Welcome, O Abudah," said he. "I bow not to the tyrant of Tasgi, but to the man who hath been taught to search no more for happiness in wealth, or selfish delight, or power, or vain knowledge. Rather I bow to him who searcheth for the wisdom that cometh from Allah, whose name be exalted! Haste, then, to return to the chest and seat thyself upon it, and it will

convey thee at last to that place where the Talisman of Oromanes may be found."

"O good and pious shepherd," replied Abudah, "verily I have abused the gifts of Allah, whose name be exalted! Direct me, then, how to reach the chest in safety so that I may at last find true wisdom. I fear to return to the grove, lest the tiger devour me."

"Thou art safe," replied the shepherd, "for the tiger still pursueth Gherar the Philosopher. Yonder is, however, a path that leadeth from hence to a bridge, that will carry thee over the river. Go, and peace be with thee."

Abudah, having thanked the shepherd, departed and soon found himself beneath the rock where stood the iron chest. He cast himself upon it, and immediately the earth rumbled and opened, and the chest sank downward into darkness, and the earth closed again above Abudah's head.

Adventure Fifth — The Talisman

THE merchant remained silent for some time, unable to cry out through fear. Then he perceived that a light, brighter and whiter than day, began to shine about him. He saw that he was still sitting upon the chest, in the centre of a lofty saloon, the walls and floor of which were of crystal, and the roof of pure gold set with sparkling diamonds. On

either side were eight and twenty thrones of massive silver arranged against the wall, while at the end of the saloon was a throne of beaten gold.

And as Abudah looked about him in amazement, he saw lying near him the same small ebony box that had been the cause of all his misfortunes.

Then he heard a sound like thunder, and instantly there stood before him a Genie of terrible but noble countenance, clad in a flame-coloured garment.

"O Abudah, merchant of Bagdad," said the Genie, "behold me, Barhaddon, one of the Guardian Genii, and a servant of Solomon, on whom be peace! Receive at last the fifty keys, and arise and open the iron chest."

At this Abudah hastened, and descending from the chest, took the keys from the hand of the Genie. At his touch the fifty locks opened wide. He lifted the lid, and there flew forth a thousand bright feathers, which covered the crystal floor of the saloon.

"O Abudah," said the Genie Barhaddon, "dost thou understand these things? The feathers are the thousand bright hopes that lie on the top of every man's heart, beneath which are the evil and grasping desires for power, riches, and fame. Not in this black chest wilt thou find the Talisman of Happiness. Do thou now attend in silence on what I am about to do."

Having said thus, the Genie Barhaddon struck with his staff upon the little ebony box, saying, "Thou evil Afrite of Ambition, who loveth to torment mankind, come forth to thy doom."

And at these words the box fell to pieces, and from its fragments came forth the little yellow Witch, leaning upon her crutch, and trembling in every joint.

"Know, O Afrite of Ambition," said Barhaddon, "thou false and evil creature, that thy punishment is terrible! Enter yonder iron chest, and be cast into the roaring sea, and remain under the foaming waves until the Judgment Day."

The witch obeyed, and uttering hideous cries, she entered the chest. Whereupon the lid closed violently of itself, and the fifty locks fastened themselves on. And scarcely had they done so, when a fierce whirlwind arose, and the chest was taken up with a rushing noise, and disappeared.

Abudah then turned to address the Genie, but he had vanished; and the merchant saw to his amazement that he was no longer in the crystal saloon, but was lying on the divan in his own seraglio in Bagdad.

Thereupon he sat up, and his wife Selima and his children, beholding him, rushed to his side with cries of delight, and embraced him.

"O my beloved husband," exclaimed Selima, shedding tears of joy, "whence hast thou come so suddenly

into the midst of thy mourning family? But yesterday at this hour, thou didst disappear mysteriously, and now in the same manner thou art returned! Observe, O my beloved, what but now I found in the hands of our youngest child, who was tossing it as a ball!"

With these words his wife Selima pressed into Abudah's hand a jewel most wonderful to behold. Its colour was red like blood, it shone like the sun, and on its eight sides were inscribed mysterious characters. And while Abudah was contemplating the jewel in silence and admiration, he heard again the sound like thunder and the Genie Barhaddon stood before him.

"Behold, O Abudah," said he, "the Talisman of Happiness! Not in strange and wonderful realms didst thou discover its beauty, but here in thine own home, as a plaything in the hand of thy child! Lay it, therefore, in thy bosom, and never let it leave thy heart. Serve Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, and remain content in the place where He hath seen fit to put thee. Then always will shine forth the effulgent beauty of the Talisman of Oromanes."

Having thus said, the Genie Barhaddon vanished and left the happy merchant Abudah with the Talisman in his bosom, rejoicing in the midst of his family and friends.

CONTINUATION OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GENII

SO ceased the story of the Genie Barhaddon. Having prostrated himself before the King of the Genii, he arose and once more mounted his silver throne.

"Good Fairy Moang," said the King of the Genii, "the children of Guialar, the Iman of Terki, have heard the words of instruction that have fallen from the lips of the servant of Solomon, on whom be peace! Take now Patna and Coulor, and conduct them to the apartment of entertainment; and let them come hither again at this same hour to-morrow in order to listen to the deeds of the Genie Mamlouk."

The Fairy Moang bowed before the throne, and led the children through a golden door into a magnificent apartment hung with curtains of azure silk. Here she placed them upon cushions by the side of a leaping fountain, and set before them a delicious repast. After they had eaten, she conducted them into a garden full of flowers, and trees in which were many birds singing the praises of Allah, the High, the Great.

The children then saw at the end of the garden a grove of beautiful trees laden with fruits of every

colour, and beneath which played many boys and girls dressed in blue, violet, pink, and white robes. These beckoned to Patna and Coulor, who, hastening toward the grove, found themselves against a transparent wall through which they could not pass. Tears of disappointment rose to their eyes, but the Fairy Moang approached them and said: —

"Patna and Coulor must possess their souls in patience. After they have been sufficiently instructed by the Good Genii, then may they enter the Garden of Fruits, and play with the Sons and Daughters of the Fairies. But come now," added she kindly, "let us spend the night in refreshing slumber, while we await the delightful hour when the Genie Mamlouk will relate his adventures."

So saying, the Fairy led the children to their couches, where they laid themselves down and slept gently until morning dawned. After another delicious repast, she led them once more to the crystal saloon, where the race of the Good Genii were seated upon their silver thrones. And there she placed Patna and Coulor upon the carpet before the golden throne, on which was the King of the Genii, clad in his white robe, and wearing his golden crown.

"Welcome, O good Fairy Moang," said that great Genii, "and peace be upon the children of the Iman of Terki!" Then he cried aloud, "Do thou, O Mam-

louk, Guardian Genie, stand forth and relate to these human beings one of thy good deeds."

Hearing this, the children's eyes sparkled, and there arose from his silver throne a Genie of majestic form wearing a crimson garment. Having made his obeisance before the throne of the King of the Genii, he began thus: —

"Attend to my words, O ye race of the Good Genii, and ye human beings. Listen to one of my deeds that hath been in accordance with the precepts of our lord Solomon, the son of David, — on both of whom be peace! I will now relate

THE HISTORY OF THE SULTAN MISNAR AND THE FOUR ENCHANTERS

The Enchanters

THERE was in ancient times, in the country of the Persians, a mighty Sultan named Dabulcombar, the lord of all the East. He was possessed of great wealth, and numerous troops and guards. He had no son to succeed him, and the heir to his throne was Prince Ahubal, the son of his brother. The Prince was misshapen of body, and malicious and intriguing in heart. This caused the Sultan much grief, and he often mourned apart.

At length, when Dabulcombar was well advanced

in years, there was born to him a son, whom he named Misnar. The Sultan was filled with happiness at this event, and commanded the city to be decorated, the drums to be beaten, and the people to rejoice for forty days. He prepared a magnificent feast to which he invited all the grandees of his Empire. Every one came, except Prince Ahubal, who retired to his palace in disappointment and rage.

Prince Misnar grew to be a youth of surpassing beauty. He was tall and finely formed; his eyes were of brilliant blackness; his eyebrows were arched; his hair was glossy like the raven's wing; and his cheeks were as red as roses. He was learned in all the arts and sciences, and was also skilled in the use of weapons of war. But, what was of more importance to the people of Persia, he was just and generous of mind, and wise beyond his years.

When the Prince reached the age of eighteen, the Sultan Dabulcombar died, and Misnar succeeded him upon the throne. After the days of mourning were passed, the new Sultan sent forth a decree that all the emirs, officers, and wise men of the Empire should assemble themselves together on a certain day in the Royal Judgment Hall.

The day arrived, and in the hall were present grandees and wise men from all parts of Persia. They were arrayed in state garments of magnificent silks

and brocades richly embroidered in many colours, so that the hall resembled a flower garden. The Sultan Misnar was seated upon a throne of ivory overlaid with plates of red gold, and he was clad in splendid robes of cloth-of-gold; while his turban was decorated with large pearls and jewels. Near him stood his Vizier Horam, likewise wearing a rich turban and costly garments.

The grandees and all present prostrated themselves before the throne, and Misnar bade them arise, saying:—

"O ye emirs, officers, and wise men of my Empire, know that I have called you together because more precious to me are your counsels than the mines of Raalconda or the great emerald of Gani! The sages say that 'the reign of the Sultan is established by the experience and knowledge of his faithful subjects.' Therefore, O ye sources of light, and ye fountains of wisdom, advise this day your Sultan how he may best secure himself upon the throne of his father."

The emirs, officers, and all present, hearing these words, were struck dumb with astonishment at the condescension of their lord, and fell prostrate once more before the throne.

"Arise, my counsellors," said Misnar, "listen further to my words. Know that Prince Ahubal, the

son of my uncle, is about to rebel against the sovereign power of Persia; for he seeketh to mount the throne through treachery. Guide, then, the steps of your Sultan so that he may establish his just rule in this land."

Thereupon, the Emir Garab, a silver-haired sage whom all men honoured, arose. He bowed himself, and said: —

"I perceive, O mighty Sultan, the dark clouds of evil gathering about the throne of Persia! The wicked Genii are leaguing together to attack our true lord, the Sultan Misnar!"

All present were dismayed at these words, but Misnar alone was unmoved.

"Be not afraid, O my friends," said he. "Know that no rose is without its thorn, nor is life made perfect without trials. Grieve not, then, since prudence and virtue flourish best amid dangers. The security of our Empire will be greater and more lasting, after all lurking evils are driven from it."

At this the grandees and wise men gazed in wonder upon the youthful face of their Sultan, which glowed as if with an inward light. Silence and amazement for a time prevailed. Then arose a venerable Sheykh, whom no man knew, and, advancing to the foot of the throne, he said: —

"Hear, O Misnar, the words of one who knoweth

the foul heart of man. Ahubal, the son of thy uncle, hath royal blood in his veins, and his heart is filled with envy of thy power. Never while he liveth shall the throne of Persia be truly thine. Therefore, cut him off in the flower of his youth. Destroy him as one doth crush the deadly adder."

"What!" exclaimed the Sultan Misnar, "old man, dost thou counsel me to shed the blood of my cousin! Verily, Allah, — whose name be exalted! — hath not placed me here to establish my rule with cruelty and oppression! Rather doth He require justice and judgment at the hand of his Sultan. As for thee, O thou wicked man, thy bad counsel shall fall upon thine own head!"

As the Sultan Misnar uttered these words, he made a sign with his hand, and the guards advanced with sabres drawn. They seized the Sheykh, and were about to lead him forth to the place of execution, when a sound like thunder shook the hall.

Immediately fire issued from the mouth of the Sheykh, and his whole form changed, and in his place stood a dragon enveloped in flames. All fled in terror before it, but the Sultan Misnar sat unmoved by fear. He aimed a blow with his sabre at the dragon, and as he did so, he perceived through the flames a hoary Magician seated upon the back of the monster.

"Know, O vain child," said the Magician, "who

callest thyself Sultan, that I am the Enchanter Ollomand, thy deadly foe. And ere twice twenty days shall pass, thy cousin Ahubal shall reign upon the throne of Persia."

As the Enchanter uttered these words, the dragon began to hiss, and, rising from the floor, the monster clove the dome of the hall, and disappeared.

Thereupon the Vizier Horam approached the foot of the throne, and addressed the Sultan.

"May the glory of our Sultan be increased!" said he, "and may all workers against his power be destroyed! Verily in this assembly are present other evil spirits. Know, that if our lord the Sultan will call upon the name of Solomon, the son of David, — on both of whom be peace! — neither disobedient Marid nor wicked Afrite may remain in this Judgment Hall."

"Then, in the name of Solomon, — on whom be peace!" — exclaimed the Sultan Misnar, "I bid all bad spirits depart from this assembly!"

Instantly sulphurous smoke broke forth from the floor, and three hideous forms rose into the air. First on the back of a tiger the fell Enchanter Tasnar soared aloft, his long black locks resembling snakes. Next, on an enormous serpent whose fangs dropped deadly poison, Ahaback the Marid appeared. Him followed, on the back of a horny toad, the malicious Ullin,

her eyes darting deadly sparks, and her lean bones wrapped in yellow skin.

Clouds of thick smoke ascended from the floor, and the Enchanters with one shriek rose to the roof of the hall, and, passing through the dome, disappeared.

As soon as they were departed, and order restored, the Sultan Misnar once more addressed the assembly.

"Know, O my counsellors," said he, "that happy is your Sultan, for your number is now tried and cleansed. Therefore let your lord partake of the sweetness of your advice. Say, then, how shall peace and security establish the throne of Persia, and in what manner shall the evil designs of Prince Ahubal be overturned?"

"Far be it from me," said the Vizier Horam, "to utter presumptuous words before the lord of all the East! But the security of the Empire doth require that Ahubal the traitor be not left at large. Let him be removed to a place from whence he may no longer give pain or uneasiness to our Sultan.

"At the springs of the River Ava, on a craggy rock, standeth the strong fortress of Aboul. Thither let the Prince be conveyed by a guard. And there he may lead a most comfortable life, but without power to disturb the glorious and just reign of the Sultan Misnar."

The counsel of the Vizier Horam seemed wise to

the Sultan and all present. Thereupon Misnar gave command that Prince Ahubal should be immediately seized and conducted to the Castle of Aboul.

The Magic Castle of Ollomand

THE Sultan Misnar dismissed the assembly, and the guard hastened to carry out his commands. They seized the misshapen Ahubal, and, placing him upon a horse, led him forth from the city, toward the springs of the River Ava.

They journeyed over mountain and valley and desert waste, until at length they arrived at a pass between two high mountains. As they were about to enter it, a party of five thousand horsemen suddenly appeared, brandishing their spears. They attacked the guard, and, after much slaughter, took Ahubal from them, and disappeared through the pass. The guard that remained fell trembling to the ground, and at the same moment the earth clove asunder with an awful noise, and the Enchanter Ollomand, riding upon his fiery dragon, appeared before them.

"Go, O ye cowards," said he, "return to Misnar who calleth himself Sultan, and inform him that ruin and death await him. Tell him, also, that Prince Ahubal hath friends who will shortly place him upon the throne of Persia!" So saying, the Enchanter waved his wand, and disappeared. The guard, arising,

made haste to return to the city. So fared it with them.

As for Prince Ahubal the traitor, he found himself being conveyed like lightning through the pass. Soon he saw before him a precipitous rock reaching to the clouds, and on the top of which was built a magnificent castle. Its spires and domes shone like burnished gold, reflecting the rays of the sun. The horsemen placed the Prince at the foot of this rock, and, turning about, rode swiftly back by the way they had come.

Prince Ahubal then perceived a small door to open in the castle wall. Immediately a dwarf came forth, and descended the rock by means of an invisible stairway. He soon reached the side of Ahubal, and placed in his hand a ball of blue silk.

"O Prince, beloved of the Enchanters," said he, "throw this before thee, and follow wheresoever it may lead. So shalt thou discover the secret way that goeth up to the Magic Castle of Ollomand."

Ahubal, filled with eagerness, took the ball, and cast it down before him. It began to roll swiftly up the side of the rock, and the Prince saw before him a winding ascent that appeared as the ball passed along. He followed after, and soon found himself upon the summit of the rock, before the great entrance of the castle. Thereupon the massive door opened groaning on its hinges, and the Enchanter Ollomand came forth.

"O favourite of our powerful Race," said he, "true Sultan of all the East, in whose heart sweet intrigue and craft have ever an abiding-place, enter and behold all my enchantments which are at thy disposal!"

So saying the Enchanter led Prince Ahubal into the castle. They proceeded through a passage guarded on either side by four dragons, and they ceased not to go on until they arrived at a vast court, the dome of which was black and lofty. The floor of the court was of iron, and the great walls of black marble. And there were set roundabout in the walls four hundred gates of brass, a hundred on each side of the court. They were supported by huge brazen hinges. In the centre of the court was a deep and dark pit.

The Enchanter then lifted up his voice and shouted like thunder.

"Appear, O my slaves," cried he, "and expose to the eyes of this human being a part of the riches and wonders of the Castle of Ollomand."

Immediately a gigantic Afrite, as black as jet, rose from the pit in the centre of the court. His head was like a dome; his eyes were like wheels; his teeth like hooks; his ears like shields; and his red lips thick and hanging down. He carried in his hand an enormous club of ebony, which he shook in the air.

The Prince then perceived a long line of Afrites, as horrible as the first, and carrying clubs of ebony,

ascending out of the pit. When four hundred Afrites had come forth, each took his place before one of the brazen gates. The Enchanter bade them all strike with their clubs. They instantly did so, and as the heavy clubs fell, fearful sounds arose as though worlds were being rent in pieces. Hearing this, Ahubal, stunned and terrified, fell to the ground.

"Arise!" said Ollomand, "and encourage thy fainting heart by gazing upon the riches and power of thy friend."

The Prince, still stupefied by the fearful sounds, lifted his head and looked about him. He saw that the four hundred brazen gates stood open, and the Afrites were resting on their clubs beside them.

Through the hundred gates at the right of the court he perceived vaulted chambers filled with bars of red gold and white silver. Through the gates on the left, he beheld bags of money and jewels, piled high beneath rugged arches of unhewn stone. While the open gates before and behind him disclosed rooms filled with instruments of war sufficient to equip a thousand armies. Every weapon of death was there; lances, daggers, knotted clubs, swords, and bows and arrows, lay heaped together in profusion.

At this sight Ahubal shouted with fierce delight, and, arising from the floor, forgot his fears.

"Know," said Ollomand, "that with this gold and

silver thou mayest corrupt the officers and soldiers of Misnar's army; while with the weapons thou mayest arm them for battle. All that thou seest is due to enchantment; therefore, no human force can prevail against these weapons.

"I behold, by means of my magic art, Misnar's troops flying before thee! I see thee mounted on the throne of Persia! I foresee the triumph of the Race of the Enchanters, who through thee will be enabled to rule the empire of all the East!"

"But," said Ahubal, "what need is there of these treasures and weapons, when thou hast an army of such gigantic slaves, ten of whom would suffice to destroy a million enemies?"

"Alas!" said Ollomand, "know that these Afrites are of the Disobedient Genii who rebelled against their lord Solomon. They serve the Race of the Enchanters, but they have no power to harm or destroy human beings who follow the precepts of Solomon, the son of David, and who are protected by the Genii of Wisdom.

"However, with this gold and silver we may corrupt mankind, and whenever human beings leave following the precepts of virtue, they become our servants. So hence! Let us, in disguise, seek the officers and soldiers of Misnar, and persuade them to abandon their tame Sultan!"

And even as he spoke, the Enchanter Ollomand stamped with his foot, and a chariot, drawn by four dragons, ascended out of the pit. Into this Ahubal and the Enchanter entered, and a dark cloud covered them. In a minute they were transported to the edge of the royal encampment of Misnar.

Ollomand then touched the dragons with his wand, and they became four camels, laden with merchandise and gold, while the chariot was converted into an elephant. Ahubal became a merchant seated upon the back of the elephant; and Ollomand changed his own form to that of a black slave. Thus they entered the royal encampment, and showed their goods for sale.

Soon the officers and soldiers surrounded them, and sought to buy their wares. Then Ollomand and Ahubal, with honeyed words and secret gifts of gold and jewels, won many to their evil cause. Thus fared it with Ahubal the traitor.

The Feast of Tigers

AS for the guard of the Sultan Misnar, after Prince Ahubal had been taken from them, they made haste to return to the city. They cast themselves down before the royal throne, and related to the Sultan all that had happened from first to last. He then summoned his Vizier, emirs, and other

officers of his empire, and when they were assembled, said: —

"Know, O my counsellors, human prudence is too weak to fight against the wiles of the Enchanters. How may we then repel the wicked Ollomand's attacks?"

Thereupon the silver-haired sage, the Emir Garab, arose and bowed himself.

"There is," said he, "in the City of Brass, at the base of the Mountains of Kaf, a palace in which are preserved the Girdle of Opakka, and the Signet Ring of Solomon, the son of David, on both of whom be peace! The girdle giveth strength against the foe, and the ring preserveth from enchantments. Let our lord the Sultan send and secure these treasures, and so save himself and the Empire of Persia."

"Go at once," said Misnar to his Vizier, "and prepare a great armament to accompany me on my journey to the Mountains of Kaf."

The Vizier Horam answered, "I hear and obey!" and was about to depart and execute this command, when a messenger entered the hall. He cast himself down before the throne, crying: "The troops of my lord the Sultan are deserting to Ahubal the traitor! Many of the chief officers are likewise departed! Unless the Sultan proceed at once to the encampment, the army will melt away as doth the dew of the field before the violent rays of the sun!"

At these words all save Misnar turned pale with apprehension. He, however, gave orders that every one except the Vizier Horam should go out from before him, and they did so.

"O Horam," said he, "I know thy faithful heart. Never may I triumph over the Enchanters unless I possess the Girdle of Opakka, and the Signet Ring of Solomon, on whom be peace! Therefore it is expedient for me to go at once to the Mountains of Kaf, and procure these treasures. In the meantime, do thou, O Horam, place thyself at the head of my troops, and go forth with them into the field, until I return to thee again."

"May all the desires of the Sultan be fulfilled!" answered Horam, "but will not my lord take with him a guard, for the journey is great, over mountains and deserts, and across roaring seas?"

"Nay," replied Misnar, "those who are my slaves here may, when at a distance, become my masters. The diamond in the security of the treasure-house may be safe from thieves, but when it shineth abroad, it draweth envious eyes. Unaccompanied will I go forth. None shall know that I am Sultan."

The Vizier Horam was struck with these prudent words, and bowing in assent, he drew from his bosom an ivory tablet.

"Let, then, my lord receive," said he, "this tab-

let. If he glance at it daily, he will see written on its surface all that Horam doeth."

"What!" exclaimed Misnar, taking the tablet from Horam's hand, "is this indeed endowed with such rare virtue!"

"Know," answered Horam, "that my father, when he, through the malice of his enemies, was banished from the presence of the Sultan Dabulcombar, gave unto me this tablet, saying, 'O my son, take this, and whatsoever befalleth thine unhappy parent shall at all times be made known unto thee on this ivory page. And to whomsoever thou givest it, after my death, that friend shall read thereon what Horam my son shall wish to make known.'"

"Good Horam!" said Misnar, much moved, "this gift is of such rare value that thy lord upon his return shall reward thee fittingly. Meanwhile, prepare for me a disguise, as to-night I would depart for the Mountains of Kaf."

The Vizier Horam then made haste to get ready the disguise, and when midnight was come, he led the Sultan forth to the borders of the great Forest of Tarapajan. Misnar immediately plunged into its gloomy depths, and went on his way.

Darkness was all about him, and as he proceeded, he heard in the distance the roaring of beasts, and the cries of night birds. Thus he walked on for some time,

until at length he saw through the darkness the shining of a red light; while the sky glowed as if with reflected fire.

He hastened his steps, and soon arrived at a glade, in the centre of which burned a great fire, its flames mounting to the sky. Numerous creatures formed like men, but having feet of goats, and clad in tigers' skins, leaped and danced about.

As soon as these beheld the Sultan Misnar, they advanced, and encircling him, drew him toward the fire. There he beheld a large and stately damsel, likewise clothed in a tiger's skin, and holding in her hand a pronged fork.

"Approach, O stranger," said she, "and join the Feast of Tigers, in celebration of which this nightly fire is kindled. For eleven days more must it burn, and the Feast be held. On the eleventh night there will come forth from the flames a magic spear, which will give all power to him who doth possess it. Stay thou here, and rule the Feast with me, and the spear shall be thine. With it thou mayest conquer all thy foes."

"Then," exclaimed the Sultan with delight, "here will I abide until the magic spear is mine!"

"Happy man!" said the damsel, smiling, "to end thy search with so little labour! But, O my followers," added she, "bring hither the skin of the tiger, the paw

of the lion, and the iron lance, together with the bow that twangeth nightly in the mighty Forest of Tarapajan."

Immediately one of the creatures brought a tiger's skin and threw it over the Sultan's shoulders; a second hung the lion's paw upon his breast; while a third put an iron lance in his right hand, and slung the bow and quiver at his side. Then all the creatures joined hands, and leaped in a circle around Misnar and the damsel.

"Now," said she, when the dance was over, "sound, O my followers, the instruments of brass, and announce to the Moon, and the Stars, and the Sacred Fire, that this stranger is about to swear by the Oath of Tigers, that he will never reveal our rites to mortal man."

"But," said Misnar, "I know not what those rites may be!"

"It needeth not that thou shouldst know," replied the damsel. "Lay thy hand upon thy head, and thy finger on thy lips, and say, 'As the starless night is dark, and as the cave of death is dark, so shall my words continue in darkness concerning the rites of the Feast of Tigers.'"

"And wherefore," asked Misnar, "is this silence imposed? What shall be done to him who sweareth not?"

"To him who sweareth," said the damsel, "the magic spear is given. But him who sweareth not, the Fire and the Tiger devour."

"Then," answered Misnar, "if the punishment of him who sweareth not is so great, surely fearful and evil must be thy rites! Therefore, O ye wicked creatures, in the name of Solomon the son of David,—on both of whom be peace!—I command ye to be gone!"

Scarcely had Misnar pronounced these words than all the creatures vanished, and in the place of the damsel appeared the fell Enchanter Tasnar riding on a tiger, and his snaky locks writhing about his head.

"Base and senseless wretch!" cried he, "thy frozen virtue may have kept thee now, but all thy prudence shall not suffice to save thy tottering throne! Know that thou shalt yet feel my scourge! Proceed, then, miserable human being, on thy vain pilgrimage to the Mountains of Kaf." So saying the Enchanter vanished, and the great fire went out.

The Sultan Misnar, filled with joy at his escape, continued his course in darkness through the widely extended Forest of Tarapajan. When the morning dawned, he examined the ivory tablet of Horam, but nothing appeared written thereon.

"Alas!" thought he, "I have placed too much confidence in this man! Perhaps even now, in my absence, he is making himself Sultan of Persia! There

needed not the powers of the evil Genii to overthrow my throne!"

And as Misnar thought thus, he perceived an inscription to grow upon the tablet. In lines of red the words appeared: —

"*Horam, the faithful slave of the Sultan of all the East, to Misnar the lord of my heart:* —

"*Know, that after I left my Sultan, while my heart was yet heavy and my eyelids full of tears, I went at once to the royal encampment, and called together the remainder of the army, purposing to lead them against the foe.*

"*But, alas! the presence of my lord the Sultan was not with his troops! They refused to go forth to battle. Even now the officers accuse me, the Vizier Horam, of evil devices against the Sultan. All is confusion. Therefore, may my lord see fit to return at once, and encourage the fainting hearts of his troops, and lead them against Ahubal and the Enchanters.*"

When the Sultan Misnar had read the tablet, his heart failed him. He fell upon the ground in despair. "O Misnar! Misnar!" cried he, "the wicked Genii prevail! The Good Genii no longer exist! Wherefore didst thou not swear by the Oath of Tigers, and gain possession of the magic spear!"

And even as he spoke these words, he heard a strange hissing, and the malicious Ullin, riding on the horny toad, appeared before him. "Verily the powers of enchantment do prevail," said she, "since the Sultan Misnar hath abandoned the precepts of Solomon!

Henceforth must thou serve me. Quit this form, and assume that of a yellow toad."

Immediately Misnar became a reptile of a hundred years of age. He found himself in a thicket of deadly nightshade, while near him on a stone reposed a large red toad.

"Art thou what thy form bespeaketh," said the Red Toad in a melancholy voice, "or, like me, the victim of enchantment?"

"I am Misnar, the Sultan of all the East," replied he, "and this form was inflicted upon me by the wicked Ullin."

"One event hath happened to us both!" returned the Red Toad. "Nevertheless, to preserve our lives, let us leave this noxious thicket, and seek the pleasant shade of the fragrant cinnamon." So saying he led the way, and Misnar followed.

Soon the Sultan perceived a cinnamon tree, under which sat a bright blue toad, with gold marks upon its head. The Red Toad, approaching, bowed low, and said: —

"Where, O Princess, is the latest victim of Ullin's rage?"

"He was but now basking in the sun," replied the Blue Toad, "and I aroused him. He cometh hither."

Misnar then perceived a fourth toad, grey and aged, crawling slowly toward the tree.

"Welcome, O sage being," said the Red Toad; "come hither and rest in this fragrant spot, while I relate to this stranger the story of my wretched destiny."

The three toads then arranged themselves respectfully before the Blue Toad, and the red one began thus: —

Story of the Red Toad — Mahoud, the Jeweller of Delhi

KNOW, O my friends, that I was not born a toad, and my story is wonderful! My name is Mahoud, and I am a jeweller and the son of a jeweller. My father was the chief of the merchants of Delhi, and Allah, — whose name be exalted! — blessed him with no other child besides myself.

When I reached the age of manhood, disease attacked my father, and he felt sure of death, so he summoned me to his couch, and said: —

"O my son, I leave houses, and goods, and a large stock of gold and silver ornaments. All these have I acquired by hard toil that thou mightest reap the fruits of my labours. Therefore, O my son, act prudently. Obey the precepts of Solomon, on whom be peace! Company not with wicked persons. And may Allah the Bountiful grant thee his ready relief!"

Having thus said, my father died. And after the

days of mourning were past, I entered my shop with impatience to examine my goods. I opened coffer after coffer, and saw such quantities of brilliant diamonds and pure pearls, as well as glowing rubies and other jewels, that my heart was transported with joy. I saw also chests containing great numbers of necklaces, and earrings, and other ornaments of gold and silver, all set with large gems suitable for Sultanas. There, appeared to be no end to my riches.

I then returned to my house, and arrayed myself in magnificent garments, after which I made a feast for the sons of the merchants. They became my companions, and daily I placed before them delicious foods and drinks, and we made merry together. This continued for two years, during which time I neither bought nor sold, nor even opened my shop.

At last all my gold, jewels, and other wealth were gone, and I was forced to sell my houses and slaves to pay my debts; after which I repaired to my companions for help. But they only laughed at me, and drove me from their doors with blows.

Stung with despair, and reflecting on my folly, I clothed myself in rags, and wandered forth a beggar on the streets. At last I sat down before the door of a rich young man, named Benasker of Fez, who, like myself, seemed to be squandering all his fortune upon the false ones of earth.

I had not sat there long before Benasker came forth, surrounded by his boon companions, who were the same sons of the merchants who had reduced me to poverty. I cast myself down at his feet, and related to him how I had made merry with these false friends, who had proved my ruin. I begged him to save himself while there was yet time.

The sons of the merchants, when they heard me speak thus, would have struck me with their sabres, but Benasker raised me tenderly from the ground, and said: —

"Verily, what thou sayest I know to be true! I am seeking for a friend. Therefore arise, and I will test thee. Enter, and my servants shall clothe thee, and thou shalt live at ease. Only thou must first pledge thyself never to reveal what thou mayest see or hear transacted in my house."

Without reflecting, I took the oath, and Benasker, seizing me by the hand, said to his companions, "Go hence, ye servile race of flatterers! I have tested you all and found you wanting! This man alone is worthy of my regards!"

The sons of the merchants were thunderstruck at hearing him speak thus, and renewed their protestations of regard. But Benasker ordered his slaves to drive them from his door. They did so, after which he led me into his house. We passed through many pas-

sages hung with rich curtains, and at last arrived at a sumptuous saloon; seeing which I cast myself again at his feet, and thanked him for all his favour. Thereat he smiled, and raising me gently, clapped his hands, and summoned two black slaves. At his command they led me to the bath, and put silken garments upon me. They then conducted me into a garden full of sweet-scented flowers, and fragrant fruits, and trees wherein were many singing birds.

Benasker advanced to meet me, and taking me by the hand, drew me to the side of a fountain. There we reclined on soft cushions, and feasted and made merry till midnight. Then we retired to our couches, and slept till morning.

Thus matters continued for some time. Each day we entered the bath, dressed ourselves in fine raiment, and feasted and drank. But on the nineteenth day, as the sun was setting, Benasker met me with a clouded brow.

"What, O my friend," asked I, "is the cause of thy grief? Shall not Mahoud share alike with thee the smiles and frowns of Destiny? Therefore, confide to me the cause of thy sorrow."

"O Mahoud," said he, "is it not the full of the moon?"

"It is," said I, smiling.

"Then the fate of thy friend," answered he, "is to-

night dependent on the favour of the stars! To-night must I put thy friendship to the test. If Mahoud prove false, then will despair rend my soul."

"O Benasker," said I, "Mahoud may be unfortunate, but he cannot be unfaithful. What is this dreadful secret that causeth thee to doubt thy friend?"

"That I may not tell thee now," answered he. "When the stars have returned with their glimmering light, then will I inform thee."

So saying he led the way to the bath, where he put on a robe of crimson brocade, and perfumed himself with rare essences; after which he presented me with a pot of black ointment and a slave's habit, saying, "Mahoud must for the moment be a black slave, therefore take this ointment and stain thy face, and put on this habit."

I did as he commanded, wondering much thereat. And when I was dressed, Benasker, taking a lighted censer in his hand, conducted me through many apartments that I had never seen before. At last we arrived at a vault, into which we entered. From the ceiling was suspended an alabaster lamp, and in the floor I beheld a trapdoor to which was fastened an iron ring.

Benasker trimmed the lamp and lighted it, and threw incense on the fire in the censer.

"O kind Mahoud," said he, "faithful one, take hold of the iron ring and lift the door."

I attempted to do so, but my limbs trembled with such violence that I was unable to lift it. Seeing this, Benasker burst into a rage, and drawing a whip from his bosom, struck me with it, saying, "Wretch, who hath pledged thy soul to me, obey, or become my slave forever!"

Terrified and thunderstruck at the fierceness of his manner, I redoubled my efforts, and lifted the door. What was my amazement to perceive beneath the trap a beautiful damsel lying asleep upon an ivory couch.

Benasker muttered some strange words, and instantly a huge Marid, as black as coal, rose through the floor, carrying in his hand a naked sword.

"O Ahaback," said Benasker, "do thy duty."

The Marid, thereupon, descended beneath the trap-door, and lifting the couch on which was the damsel, placed it before Benasker. Then the Marid vanished through the floor.

"O Mahoud," said Benasker, "I will retire into yonder closet. Do thou open this vial and pour its contents into the mouth of the sleeping damsel. But take care that thou do not touch so much as the hem of her robe, or thou diest."

He handed me, as he spoke, a small vial filled with a blue liquid, and entering a closet, closed the door. I drew the stopper from the vial, and poured the con-

tents into the damsel's mouth. She immediately sat up, and seeing me, began to wring her hands and weep.

I was dumfounded by her beauty. Her hair was long and black, and enveloped her form like a veil. Her eyes were large and dark. Her skin was white like alabaster, and her mouth red like a pomegranate flower. She wore upon her head a crown of gold set with pearls and jewels, while her robe was of yellow brocade embroidered with threads of silver.

And as I gazed upon her, Benasker spoke from the closet. "O beauteous Hemjuneh, Princess of Kashmir," said he, "art thou now ready to become my bride? If so this enchantment shall be at an end, and thou shalt rule over my heart and wealth."

"Wretch!" replied the Princess, "who stole me from my palace on my wedding night! Never shall I become thy bride, nor do I fear thy power, since the good Genie Mamlouk will in due time release me from this cruel fate."

"Haughty Princess! Ungrateful creature!" exclaimed Benasker, "know that though the Genie Mamlouk will not permit me to gaze upon thee without causing thee to fall into deep slumber, yet will Ullin help me, her faithful servant. Never shalt thou be released until thou do consent to wed me."

"Infamous man!" cried the Princess, "rather would Hemjuneh die the most dreadful of deaths than

become the bride of one who serveth the malicious Ullin."

At these words, Benasker rushed from the closet, his eyes rolling with rage, but no sooner did his glance fall upon the Princess than she fell back in deep slumber upon the couch. Immediately the Marid appeared, and taking up the couch, descended with it beneath the trapdoor, which closed above his head with a roaring sound.

Benasker then beckoned me to follow, and led me forth through the many apartments to the garden. "Go," said he in a hollow tone, "withdraw to the bath, and remove from thy face the black stain. But beware lest thou reveal to any man what thou hast witnessed. If so, a fearful death awaiteth thee."

I hastened to the bath, and removing the stain, put on my own garments.

"What!" thought I to myself, "shall this wicked man keep forever the beautiful Hemjuneh in confinement beneath the trapdoor? And shall she remain in the custody of that hideous Marid?"

And even while I thought thus, a scroll fell from the dome to the marble pavement of the bath. I lifted it up, and read therein: —

"Mahoud! Mahoud! Know that because of men's faults, the evil Genii and the Enchanters have sway! Over the servants of Solomon, — on whom be peace! — they have

He descended beneath the trapdoor, and returned bearing the couch with the Princess upon it

no power. Even now, Mahoud, thou art in the house of a vile magician, to whom thou art bound by a thoughtless vow! And unless the Genii Mamlouk aid thee, thou wilt perish. Likewise, Hemjuneh, Princess of Kashmir, hath departed from the precepts of the wise, and she may be released from enchantment only after much suffering. Yet, Mahoud, thou mayest help her. Take this scroll and return to the vault, and strike with the scroll upon the trapdoor."

I hastened to do what the writing commanded, and, after passing through the many apartments, arrived at the vault. I entered, and struck the trapdoor with the scroll. Immediately it opened of itself, and the floor of the vault clove asunder, and the Marid Ahaback rose up.

"O Ahaback," said I, "do thy duty."

He descended beneath the trapdoor, and returned bearing the couch with the Princess upon it; after which he vanished as before. At the touch of the scroll, she awoke and sat up, and began to wring her hands and weep, while I prostrated myself before her.

"O Princess," said I, "no longer have fear, for I am sent by the Genie Mamlouk to save thee."

"Alas!" said she, "art thou what thou seemest, or art thou that wicked Benasker in another form? Rest assured, cruel man, if thou art he, that never will I become thy bride! Alas, would that I had wedded the Prince of Georgia, then I should not have suffered such evil enchantment!"

"O most adorable Princess," said I, "know that thy slave Mahoud will gladly give his life to save thee! Arise, and let us flee from this evil mansion while there is yet time."

"Nay," replied the Princess, "thou canst not release me unless thou art indeed the Magician Benasker. But if thou art Mahoud, the servant of the Genie Mamlouk, leave this house immediately, and inform the Chief Cadi of this city of my distress."

Forgetting my oath to Benasker, never to reveal his secrets, I rose to my feet, saying, "This moment will I fly to the Cadi, and acquaint him with all that this evil man hath done unto thee; and he will come hither with his guard, and save thee!"

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when I saw Benasker enter the vault. The Princess shrieked, and I was so terrified by his appearance that I nearly sank to the floor. What was my amazement, when he advanced and fell at my feet.

"O Mahoud," said he, "friend of my bosom, and partner of my secret hopes! Pity Benasker, over whose heart love hath sway! Know, if thou wilt give me the lovely Hemjuneh, that wealth and fame shall be thine in abundance! And thou shalt dwell in a palace for the remainder of thy life!"

"O Mahoud," cried the Princess, "heed not his

wicked offers, for if thou yield to his persuasion, thou wilt become subject to his magic power!"

"Behold," said Benasker, rising and baring his bosom, "strike, my friend, this already injured heart, and end my miserable existence! Yet," added he, in a softer voice, "to show thee that Benasker can be generous, take the Princess and lead her forth in safety from my mansion. But, O my friend, leave with me the magic scroll to protect me from the wrath of Ullin, for when she findeth her prisoner gone, she will slay me."

Overjoyed at this, and not heeding the warning cries of the Princess, I placed the scroll in Benasker's hand. Immediately he vanished from my sight, and in his place stood the Enchantress Ullin, her eyes sending forth malicious sparks.

"Fool," said she, striking me with her wand, "quit this form, and take that of a red toad."

Thereupon I found myself in the body of a reptile, sitting in a thicket of deadly nightshade, while near me rested the Blue Toad weeping sadly. Together we sought the protection of this fragrant cinnamon tree, and for the space of two moons we have dwelt here alone, until a few hours ago when this Grey Toad was added to our company.

Such, O friends, is the story of my wretched destiny.

Thus Mahoud, the jeweller of Delhi, ceased speaking.

"Thy adventure," said Misnar, "is fearful and wonderful! And I perceive that thy misfortune and mine were caused by our disobedience to the Good Genii.

"But, Mahoud, permit me to ask, what hath become of the lovely Hemjuneh, Princess of Kashmir. Do not wonder at my solicitude, for the mention of her name maketh my heart to throb with undue emotion. How is it possible that such a perfect being could come under the power of the wicked Enchanters?"

"O Sultan of Persia," replied Mahoud, "the Princess of Kashmir is a fellow-sufferer with us. Behold her near thee, she is the Blue Toad!"

At these words tears ran down the Blue Toad's cheeks, and Misnar bowed his head before her.

"O Princess," said he, "whom a severe enchantment hath deprived of the most exquisite of forms, permit me to request thee to relate the cause of all thy sorrows."

"O most illustrious of Sultans," replied the Princess, "I will obey thy command, though the knowledge of my fault is grievous, and the confession thereof filleth me with shame."

"I doubt not," replied Misnar, "that the delicacy of the Princess of Kashmir causeth her to hold as a

fault that which the world esteemeth her perfection! Since, however, Destiny hath placed us here to suffer the same wretched state, if the Princess will confide her story to the heart of Misnar, she shall find solace in a friend."

At this the Blue Toad bowed her head, and sighing deeply, began: —

Story of the Blue Toad — Hemjuneh, Princess of Kashmir

KNOW, O men, I, likewise, was not born a toad. I am, indeed, the Princess Hemjuneh, the daughter of the mighty King of Kashmir.

My father loved me with great tenderness, and I spent my childhood in his seraglio, surrounded by every token of affection. When I reached the age of twelve years, he built for me a magnificent palace of blue stone, and in it put fine furniture, beautiful ornaments, and many black and white slaves. And in this palace I passed a most agreeable life.

Many Kings and Princes sought me in marriage, but I said: "O my father, I have no wish to marry. Let me live in happiness in my blue palace."

But the more reluctant I became to marry, the more did the Kings and Princes press their demands for my hand.

One day, as I sat alone in my apartment, an old

woman, leaning on a staff, suddenly appeared at my side. She placed in my hand a package wrapped in blue silk, and when I turned to speak to her she was gone.

Filled with curiosity I opened the package, and, lo, it contained a handkerchief of fine linen on which was painted the portrait of a handsome young man. His eyes were of brilliant blackness; his eyebrows were arched; his hair was glossy like the raven's wing; and his cheeks were as red as roses. As I looked on him, my heart was so overcome that I almost swooned. I then folded the handkerchief, and placing it in my bosom, resolved never to wed any Prince except him whose portrait I now possessed.

I kept my resolve, and refused with anger every offer made me. Imagine, therefore, my despair, when one day the King my father entered my apartment, and said: —

"O my daughter, it is my duty to listen no longer to thy refusals. I am about to marry thee to a husband both noble and rich. So prepare at once to receive the Prince of Georgia."

I fell at my father's feet, weeping and entreating, but he would not hear me, and departed. Soon my mother arrived and sought to comfort me, saying: —

"The Prince of Georgia is a handsome man, tall and fine of form, and of a joyful and wise heart. He

hath heard of thy beauty and goodness, and loveth thee tenderly. Receive him with kindness, or he will die of sorrow."

But I would not listen to my mother, and wept and tore my hair.

Thereupon my mother left me, and my friend and companion the damsel Eloubrou entered, and embraced me. "Confide in Eloubrou," said she, "the cause of thy dislike to the Prince of Georgia. He is a splendid man, handsome as the shining full moon, and richer than all the Sultans of earth."

So I told her what had happened, from first to last, but I did not show her the handkerchief.

"My Princess," said she, "the heart of Eloubrou is breaking because of thy sorrow! I will seek thy mother and relate to her this strange occurrence. Perhaps she may persuade the King thy father, so that he will relent, and send back the Prince of Georgia to his own land."

While she was speaking thus, I observed the same old woman, who had given me the package, approach my couch.

"Trust to me, Hemjuneh," said she, "and the Prince of Georgia shall seek in vain for his bride."

The faithful Eloubrou, hearing this, shrieked, and, clapping her hands, summoned the slaves of my seraglio. They immediately rushed in with sabres

drawn, and would have seized the old woman, but she waved her staff and Eloubrou and the slaves were rendered motionless.

"O most adorable Princess," said the old woman, "give me but thy hand, and I will deliver thee from the tyranny of the King thy father."

"What!" cried I, "shall I trust to a stranger, who cometh by stealth into my apartment!"

At this the old woman smiled maliciously. "I hear," said she, "the cymbals playing, and the drums beating, that summon the people to the marriage feast. Farewell, O bride of the Prince of Georgia, I leave thee to thy fate! But if thou hadst a brave soul and loving heart, soon shouldst thou see the youth whose portrait is painted on the handkerchief."

And even as she spoke, I heard from without the loud sound of the cymbals, trumpets, drums, and other musical instruments, and the shouts of the people as they decorated the city for the feast. I was seized with despair, and without reflection gave the old woman my hand.

She blew a vapour from her mouth, and we rose in a cloud, and I swooned. When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a well-furnished apartment, while a youth of evil countenance was standing before me.

"O charming Hemjuneh," said the youth, "may I hope that my service will soon be requited?"

"Alas!" said I, "what service hast thou rendered me? Who art thou, bold man, that presumeth to stand in the presence of the Princess of Kashmir?" Then I clapped my hands and cried: "Eloubrou! Faithful Eloubrou! Where art thou? Where is Piksag, the chief of my eunuchs? Where are my slaves? Where is the guard of my seraglio?"

"O my Princess," answered the youth, "tire not thyself by calling for them. They are in the distant Kingdom of Kashmir, and thou art in the mansion of Benasker of Fez."

"O miserable man!" said I. "Speak! Tell how I came to be in thy mansion."

"Know," replied he, "that the fame of thy beauty reached this city, and I set forth and journeyed to the Kingdom of Kashmir, resolved to see thee or die. I sought the Enchantress Ullin, and through her magic was enabled to enter thy seraglio in the disguise of an old woman. By means of the portrait on the handkerchief I fired thy heart to rebel against the commands of the King thy father. When thou didst yield to my persuasion, thou didst come under the power of Ullin, who transported us hither. And this day hath the Enchantress fulfilled her promise, and given the lovely Hemjuneh to be the bride of Benasker."

"Wretched merchant!" I exclaimed. "Talk not so boldly. Go at once and inform the Sultan of this city

that the daughter of the King of Kashmir commandeth that he return her to her father."

"Nay, haughty Princess," replied Benasker, with a sneer, "never mayest thou depart from my mansion without my consent. I go soon to call the Cadi and witnesses to our marriage, but before I do so, I must fulfill my promise to the Enchantress Ullin."

With that, in spite of my cries, he carried me through many apartments to a distant vault, where he seated me on an ivory couch. He next trimmed and lighted a lamp that hung from the roof, and sprinkled incense on the flames. Thereat the walls shook, and the malicious Ullin appeared riding on her horny toad. At the same moment a bright light filled the vault, and a Genie of majestic form, clad in crimson garments, stood before us.

"Unhappy Princess!" said the Genie, addressing me; "I am Mamlouk, thy guardian, but, alas, thy imprudence hath weakened my power to protect thee. If thou hadst not yielded to the persuasions of the false old woman, Ullin could not have brought thee here. Since thou hast come of thine own will, I cannot remove thee."

"Then," said Benasker, with fierce joy, "Hemjuneh is mine, and Ullin hath not deceived me!"

"Nay, wretch!" replied the Genie Mamlouk, "the

Princess shall never be thy bride. She is reserved for the Prince of Georgia. Though I may not remove her hence, since she came with thee of her own will, I may at least protect her from thy persecution."

Then, turning to me, the Genie said, "As for thee, beloved Hemjuneh, no force shall work thy ruin without thy consent. Henceforth whenever Benasker shall gaze upon thee, thou shalt fall into deep slumber, from which thou canst awake only at the full of the moon. Do thou remain faithful and resolute, and in due time the Good Genii will release thee from enchantment."

At this Ullin gave forth hissing sounds. "Ah!" cried she, "thou enemy of our Race, behold how I will circumvent thy curse!"

And with that she stamped her foot, and a hideous Marid, as black as coal, rose through the floor, and at the same moment a trapdoor appeared in the pavement of the vault.

"O Ahaback," said Ullin, "convey this damsel beneath yon trapdoor, and guard her well until Benasker call. Serve him henceforth, as thou hast served me."

"Wait, slave," commanded the Genie Mamlouk, "the enchantments are not complete. There is yet a moment left. Therefore thus shall it be. I decree that only at the full of the moon may Benasker be able to

discover this vault, and that he may not lift the trap-door, except by the aid of a friend."

So saying the Genie Mamlouk touched me with his staff, and I immediately fell back upon the couch, and deep slumber seized on my senses. What happened afterward I know not.

When at last I resumed consciousness, I found myself awakened by a liquid of peculiar flavour which was being poured into my mouth. I opened my eyes and beheld a black slave standing by me, and at the same moment the voice of the detested Benasker issued from the closet. I was filled with terror and began to wring my hands and weep.

What occurred thereafter, O illustrious Misnar, thou hast already heard from the lips of Mahoud, the jeweller of Delhi.

At the moment that Mahoud became the Red Toad, the Enchantress Ullin transformed me into the Blue One. In a second, I found myself seated beneath the deadly nightshade, with the Red Toad by my side.

Such, O Sultan, was my fault, and its terrible punishment. And know, that if I had obeyed my father, and married the Prince of Georgia, all this would not have happened. Therefore I have vowed that if the Good Genii will rescue me from enchantment, I will, on my return to the Kingdom of Kashmir, give my hand to the Prince of Georgia."

And as she ceased speaking, the Princess sighed and wept.

At this a breeze shook the leaves of the cinnamon tree, and music like the singing of a thousand sweet birds filled the air, and the Genie Mamlouk appeared.

"O repentant Princess!" he said, "return to thy original shape!"

And at these words, the Blue Toad vanished, leaving the other toads filled with amazement.

"As for thee, Misnar, and thy companions," continued the Good Genie, "be restored once more to thine own forms, and henceforth depart not from the precepts of our lord Solomon, the son of David, on both of whom be peace!"

Instantly Misnar found himself in human form, walking through the mighty Forest of Tarapajan. The sun was shining, and by his side was Horam, his Vizier, and a young man of handsome countenance.

Story of the Grey Toad — The Vizier Horam

THE Sultan Misnar, in a transport of joy, embraced his Vizier.

"O Horam," cried he, "how camest thou hither? And how doth the army of my empire prosper?"

"Know, O lord of my heart," replied Horam, "that but a moment since I was the Grey Toad. And the story of my enchantment is this, and it is wonderful!

"The Sultan had scarcely plunged into the Forest of Tarapajan, and the sun of Persia was thus withdrawn, when I hastened to the royal encampment. I put what remained of the host in battle array, and led it forth to meet Ahubal the traitor, but the soldiers refused to fight without command from their Sultan. The officers rushed toward me in a body demanding to see their lord, and threatening me with death. There was a great tumult, and my heart failed me through fear. Without waiting for aid from the Good Genii, I escaped into the royal tent, and put on the habit of a slave. In this disguise I passed through the encampment, and entered the Forest of Tarapajan.

"No sooner had I done so than I repented of my folly. 'What have I done,' thought I to myself; 'I have fled from my post, and proved disloyal to my lord! Far better had I died a thousand deaths, than thus to have deserted ingloriously!'

"I then endeavoured to return to the encampment, but the farther I went, the more impenetrable became the forest, until at last I could proceed no longer. Suddenly the earth shook, and my feet grew fixed to the ground, and the malicious Ullin rose before me, sitting upon the back of her horny toad.

"'What prudence!' said she. 'What discretion is Horam's! How bravely doth he lead his master's

troops against the foe! How happy is Misnar in such a faithful servant! Verily, Ullin knoweth how to reward virtue! Become, therefore, a reptile like the one beneath me. Depart from the Forest of Tarapajan, and join the rest of thy kind, who have gone before thee!'

"As she spoke, the Enchantress breathed upon me with her poisonous breath, and I fell to the ground crawling like a toad before her. She then waved her wand, and sleep overpowered me. When I awoke, I found myself sitting between the Princess of Kashmir, and Mahoud the jeweller of Delhi; both of whom were, like myself, in the form of toads. Such, O Sultan, was the cause of my enchantment."

"And who," asked Misnar, "is this young man that walketh beside me?"

"He," replied the Vizier Horam, "was the Red Toad, Mahoud the jeweller of Delhi."

At these words the young man cast himself down at Misnar's feet.

"Let my lord," said he, "command his slave Mahoud, and he will go to the ends of the earth, even to the Mountains of Kaf, to secure the treasures that will preserve the Empire of Persia."

"Arise, Mahoud," said Misnar sadly. "Know that the real treasures are not the Magic Girdle and the Signet Ring. The true girdle that overcometh all ene-

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mies is a brave, honourable, and believing soul; while stronger than the Signet Ring that preserveth from enchantment are the precepts of Solomon, on whom be peace! Let us, therefore, return to the encampment, and strengthen the failing hearts of our soldiers, and, with the aid of the Good Genii, the servants of Solomon, lead forth the army and crush the Race of the Enchanters."

The Enchanted Pavilion

SO saying, the Sultan Misnar hastened forward and led the way. Soon he and his companions reached the border of the forest, and beheld the whole encampment spread out before them. As they advanced toward it, they saw upon its edge a splendid pavilion rising toward the sky. It shot forth a thousand rays of coloured light, dazzling the eyes.

They soon arrived at the pavilion, and saw that it stood upon a carpet of cloth-of-gold, and its canopy was of purple velvet embroidered with wreaths of silver flowers. Its pillars were of burnished gold that reflected the light of the sun, while the entire pavilion was studded with sparkling jewels that sent forth dazzling rays. Above the entrance were inscribed these words: —

"O thou with a firm heart!
Mamlouk biddeth thee enter!"

Having read this, Misnar and his companions, unperceived by the soldiers, entered the pavilion. They saw at the upper end a throne of ivory decorated with gold and pearls and jewels; and on either side of the door stood an ebony couch. On the couch to the right were displayed a magnificent royal turban and robe; while on that to the left were garments suitable for a Vizier and his attendant. The Sultan and his companions clad themselves in these, after which Misnar mounted the throne.

"Go," said he to Horam, "and proclaim throughout the camp that the Sultan of Persia is once more restored to his people. Bid all the officers assemble themselves before me."

Horam replied, "I hear and obey," and went forth from the pavilion.

Immediately the soldiers all rejoiced, and the drums of gladness were beaten, while the officers assembled, prostrating themselves before Misnar's throne.

"O my officers," said he, "whence came this splendid pavilion in which I am?"

"O Sultan of the age," replied they, "we know not whence it came. But an hour since, sweet music sounded, and the pavilion rose from the ground. Over its entrance were inscribed these words: —

"'*This is the royal tent of the Sultan Misnar.*
Let none enter till he call.'"

"Verily," exclaimed Misnar, "it is the gift of the good Genie Mamlouk! And with his aid we shall destroy the Race of the Enchanters. Therefore, go ye forth, O my officers, and put the host in battle array. Arm the men, caparison the horses, put on the backs of the elephants the turrets for the archers, and let the loud trumpets sound."

The officers did so, and the vast army gathered upon the plain. The drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the horses neighed, and the earth shook. The Sultan Misnar, completely armed, rode forth at the head of his troops.

The soldiers of Prince Ahubal rushed forward to meet them, and at the same moment the Enchanters Ollomand, Tasnar, Ahaback, and Ullin, on their monsters, were seen hovering in the air.

The battle raged, the soldiers shouted, the archers shot from the turrets. The cymbals played, the spears glittered, the sharp scimitars flashed, and the cries of the wounded filled the air.

The battle waxed fiercer, and the four Enchanters threw fiery darts upon Misnar's host. Dread entered the hearts of his soldiers, and they ran to the right and the left. Then, filled with fear of the Enchanters, they fled to the mountains.

Thereupon the Vizier Horam, and Mahoud the jeweller of Delhi, led the Sultan Misnar in safety to

the Forest of Tarapajan. And they seated themselves beneath the trees, while all but Misnar wept.

"Weep not, my friends," said he, "the Good Genii are on our side, and will yet aid us. Soon ye shall see the tide of battle turned, and thy Sultan seated once more upon the throne of his father."

So fared it with Misnar and his host.

As for the misshapen Ahubal, and the four Enchanters, they exulted in their victory, and took possession of the royal encampment. And as soon as the Prince saw the splendid pavilion, blazing with the light of jewels, his eyes shone with greedy joy.

"Come," said he, "let us enter here, and feast today! When the morrow cometh, we will pursue this wretched Misnar, and destroy the remainder of his army."

Thereupon they entered, and Prince Ahubal gave orders that a sumptuous banquet should be prepared. And they sat down, and ate and drank until midnight came.

Then suddenly red flames leaped from the floor of the pavilion, and consumed the feast. Thereat Prince Ahubal and the Enchanters shrieked with fear, and endeavoured to escape. But before they could do so, the flames spread, leaping higher and higher, and they were all reduced to ashes. Then the pavilion vanished, and was seen no more.

So fared it with Ahubal the traitor and the Race of the Enchanters.

As for the officers and soldiers of Ahubal's army, seeing this, they trembled and fell to the ground. At the same moment the Sultan Misnar, with his companions, issued from the forest, and entered the encampment. He called upon the soldiers to submit themselves, which they did; while the officers begged for mercy.

"Ahubal the traitor is no more," said Misnar, "and the Enchanters are destroyed. Ye are all released from their evil power, and your unfaithfulness is forgotten. Get ye quickly to the mountains, and bid the rest of my troops return in safety to the encampment."

The officers and soldiers did so, and soon all the troops came back. Straightway the fires of joy were kindled, the instruments of music sounded, and a great feast was held. After which the Sultan Misnar returned in triumph to his city. The people met him with loud acclaims. They closed their shops, and decorated the streets, and the rejoicing lasted forty days.

Conclusion of the History of the Sultan Misnar and the Four Enchanters

WHEN the days of rejoicing were past, the Sultan Misnar caused a large and rich cavalcade to be prepared and, together with the Vizier Horam and

Mahoud, the jeweller of Delhi, he set out for the Kingdom of Kashmir.

They journeyed for many weeks, travelling with all diligence both day and night, until they approached the royal city of the King. Then the Sultan Misnar sent forward a messenger to the Princess Hemjuneh, with a letter saying: —

"*Peace from the Treasuries of Allah be upon her who doth possess my heart: — Know, O beautiful Princess, that the Prince of Georgia and thy slave, Misnar, the Sultan of all the East, are one and the same. As for the handkerchief, the portrait thereon is mine. Thus hath the good Genie Mamlouk watched over our steps, and led us one to the other.*"

The messenger delivered the letter, and when the Princess Hemjuneh read it, she swooned for joy. On recovering her senses, she sent for the King her father, and told him all that had come to pass. Thereupon, accompanied by a magnificent retinue, he hastened to meet the Sultan Misnar. He conducted him to the royal palace where the wedding festivities of the Sultan and the Princess were held amid great splendour. As for Mahoud, the jeweller of Delhi, they married him to the damsel Eloubrou, after which they all set out for the Empire of Persia.

The people of Persia rejoiced, and the drums were beaten for a whole month in celebration of the event.

And the Sultan Misnar sat governing on the throne of his father with the faithful Horam as his Vizier. And he and his wife continued to live together in peace and delight until they were visited by the terminator of joys and the separator of companions.

CONTINUATION OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GENII

"AND thus," said the Genie Mamlouk, "hath the servant of our lord Solomon — on whom be peace! — performed his duty." So saying Mamlouk kissed the carpet before the throne of the King of the Genii, and once more took his place upon his own throne.

"Good Fairy Moang," said that great King, "the children of Guialar, the Iman of Terki, have again been refreshed from the Fountain of Wisdom. Take them to the apartment of entertainment, and bring them hither to-morrow to listen to one of the adventures of the happy Genie Abdallah."

The delighted children were reluctant to leave, but the Fairy Moang drew them from the hall into the apartment hung with azure curtains. She placed them by the side of the fountain, and they feasted on many dainties, after which they ran forth into the garden.

They hastened toward the crystal wall, through which they perceived the many boys and girls in their blue, pink, violet, and white robes. Some had climbed the trees and were plucking and throwing

down the coloured fruits. Others, beneath the trees, were gathering the fruits into gold and silver baskets.

All these children beckoned to Patna and Coulor, who at the same moment beheld a gate to appear in the crystal wall. They ran to it, and endeavoured to open it, but, alas! it was locked. So they stood in silence, and tears filled their eyes.

"Patna and Coulor must still possess their souls in patience," said the Fairy Moang, drawing near. "Not yet have they sufficiently understood the precepts of the wise. When they have been perfected in knowledge, then may they enter the Garden of Fruits, and rejoice with the Sons and Daughters of the Fairies. But now let us go to our couches, and sleep until day dawneth, when the happy Genie Abdallah will relate his delightful adventure."

So saying, the Fairy led the children to their couches, where they slept in peace until morning. After another repast, she conducted them to the crystal hall, where all the Good Genii were seated upon their thrones. The children took their places upon the carpet, and waited with impatience for the story to begin.

At last the King of the Genii spoke. "Stand forth, O Abdallah, happy Genie!" said he, "and relate to these human beings one of thy adventures."

At this, a Genie of smiling countenance and bright

brow, and clad in blue vestments, arose from his silver throne, and kissed the ground before the King of the Genii.

"Listen, all ye Genii, and ye human beings," said he. "Verily the ills of life, and the sorrows thereof, have not touched Abdallah! Only the joyous affairs of men hath he guided according to the precepts of our lord Solomon, the son of David, on both of whom be peace! Therefore, O my friends, listen to

THE HISTORY OF FARRUKRUZ THE FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE

The Ruby Cock

IN ancient days, in the Kingdom of Kashmir, there lived a jeweller named Khoja Marjan. He was fortunate in all his dealings, and in time amassed great wealth. He had three sons, the two eldest of whom were idle and wasteful of money. But the youngest son, named Farrukruz, was brilliant of mind, with the heart of a bird, and as handsome as the shining sun. He loved his father more than did his brothers, and sought to aid him in every way.

One day Khoja Marjan called his three sons to him, and said: —

"Know, O my sons, that every man should earn his bread and salt. Ye have heard how at first I was

only the servant of a jeweller; yet have I, by dint of hard toil, overcome all obstacles, so that at present there is none richer than I in the whole Kingdom of Kashmir.

"Therefore, O my sons, I would have you go forth into the world, and trade in other lands. I will give you each a mule laden with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments, so that ye may carry on a profitable business."

Having thus spoken, Khoja Marjan presented each of his sons with a mule laden with wealth, and bade them set forth at once.

To Farrukruz, however, he delivered in secret a small package wrapped in green silk.

"O my most beloved son," said he, "thou wilt find in this package a golden casket, in which is a cock skilfully formed of a single rare ruby. At the hour of dawn each day, the cock croweth and flappeth its wings. Keep this secret from thy brothers, and if thou fall at any time into danger, present the cock to a King, and it will bring thee aid."

Farrukruz thereupon thanked his father, and, taking the package, hid it in his bosom.

The three brothers, having thus received each his portion of goods, set out on the road for Iran. The two eldest, however, were sullen and discontented, but Farrukruz was filled with delight. They proceeded

on their way, until at last they reached the city of Herat, where they put up at a Khan.

The two eldest brothers then dressed themselves in their best garments, and, going forth into the streets, mingled with the sons of the merchants, with whom they drank and made merry. Thus they continued to do day after day, until all their wealth was spent.

As for Farrukruz, he hired a shop in the jewellers' quarters, and displayed his jewels and ornaments of gold and silver. Soon he began to sell and buy until he had acquired a large sum of money. He then purchased rich stuffs of Iran, and prepared to journey to the city of Shiraz.

Before he departed, however, seeing his brothers reduced to poverty, he gave them a sum of money, saying, "Take this to the market, and buy and sell there." After which he set out for Shiraz. Having reached that city, he rented a magnificent house, and going to the market, took a shop and sold and bought until he had got together great wealth.

One day, as he sat in the door of his shop, he perceived a handsome youth, with a smiling face, approaching him. The youth saluted Farrukruz, who immediately arose and invited him to enter and partake of some refreshments. The youth did so, and Farrukruz set before him delicate pastries, refreshing fruits, and cooling orange-flower water. And after

they had eaten and drunk, and conversed with joy, the youth arose to depart.

"O my friend," said he, "thou art, indeed, a Favourite of Fortune! It is, however, thy destiny to pass through many trials, all of which thou wilt endure with a brave and joyous heart. Take thou this ring, and never let it leave thy finger. If at any time thou should fall into distress, seek out the Sheykh Habib, who dwelleth in the great Cave of Mosul. Show him this ring, and he will aid thee."

So saying the youth placed a ring in Farrukruz' hand, and, smiling, departed.

Farrukruz examined the gift with attention, and found it to be of pure gold, set with a large and rare ruby. He then placed it upon his finger, and sat down once more at his door. Immediately he became filled with a burning desire to set forth and visit other countries and islands of the world. So he arose, and lading twenty camels with various kinds of costly merchandise, closed his shop, and accompanied by four hundred black slaves, departed for the city of Bagdad, the Abode of Peace. And having arrived there, he put up at a Khan for the night.

When the morning was come, Farrukruz arose, and having eaten, and dressed himself in an embroidered robe and rich turban, he went forth from the Khan, surrounded by his slaves. He passed through the

streets, and all who saw him gazed upon him with delight. As he approached the market, he beheld there two porters standing idle on the street. They were ragged and dirty, and their beards and hair were wild and unkempt. Pity filled his heart, and, lo, as he drew near to relieve their necessity, he saw that they were his brothers.

He ordered one of his slaves to call them to his side, and when they were come, and he knew their wretched condition, he burst into tears. "O my brothers," said he, "sorrow breaketh my heart to see you in such need! Return with me to the Khan, and ye shall be clothed, and never suffer hunger more."

Thereupon Farrukruz conducted them with all respect to the Khan, and bade his servants array them in fine clothes, and feed them with the most delicious of foods. After which he presented them each with a purse full of gold, saying:—

"Go ye forth to the market, and henceforth may Allah the Abundant Provider prosper you in all your ways."

But his brothers answered:—

"Why should we leave such a loving and kind brother? Nay, we will not leave thee! We wish to obey thee, and will follow wheresoever thou goest."

And they continued to urge him thus with tears, until at last he consented. So the three brothers abode

together in the city of Bagdad, buying and selling, until they had amassed much gold.

After some time spent thus, Farrukruz was again seized with the desire to see other countries and islands, so he determined to journey to the land of the Franks. He bought precious goods, suitable for a sea voyage, and, with his four hundred slaves and his two brothers, departed for the city of Balsora. There he embarked with his goods, on a great and lofty vessel, and they all set sail.

Now, when the two brothers beheld the vast wealth and the numerous slaves of Farrukruz, their hearts swelled with secret envy.

"What is this?" said they one to the other. "Shall our youngest brother be arrayed like a Sultan, and be waited upon by a retinue of slaves, while we either suffer starvation or are forced like beggars to accept of his bounty? Come, let us get rid of this proud youth, who standeth between us and wealth."

So saying, they waited until the darkness of night had descended upon the sea, and then, taking up the mattress on which Farrukruz was asleep, they cast it into the foaming waves. Thus did these ungrateful men with treachery wipe from the tablets of their mind the benefits they had received.

They then proceeded on their way in the ship, until they neared a rocky coast, against which the sea

roared and beat. A great storm arose, and the ship was driven upon the rocks and broken in pieces; so that all therein miserably perished. Thus fared it with the two ungrateful brothers.

As for Farrukruz, when he awoke he found himself upon his mattress floating in the sea. He wondered much thereat, and said to himself: —

"Surely my brothers have done this cruel deed! Thanks be to Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, who hath saved me from the fury of their envy."

And he continued to give thanks, while the water bare up the mattress and a gentle wind forced it along, until at length a rolling wave cast it upon a great and wide shore that belonged to the Kingdom of Yaman.

Farrukruz then arose, and walking along the shore, soon drew near to a city whose domes and spires touched the sky. He entered the gate, and the keepers took him, and, seeing his misfortune, clothed and fed him, and then led him before the King.

The King welcomed him kindly, and Farrukruz cast himself down before the throne, and, drawing from his bosom the silken package, presented it, saying:—

"O mighty King, take this package, the gift of thy slave, Farrukruz, the son of Marjan of Kashmir. Within it is a costly and rare wonder, the like of which existeth not in this world!"

At these words the King made haste to unwrap the

package, and, opening the golden casket, he perceived within it the Ruby Cock of wonderful workmanship. As soon as he gazed upon it, his heart was filled with love for Farrukruz. He bade him arise, and, seating him beside the throne, commanded him to relate all that had happened to him from first to last.

Farrukruz did so, after which the King bestowed a robe of honour upon him, and presenting him with a palace and wealth, made him his Vizier.

And in this manner Farrukruz continued to live in peace and happiness for some time.

The Jewel Throne of the Mountains of Kaf

THE King of Yaman, seeing the wisdom and the joyous heart of Farrukruz, became daily more attached to him, so that he rarely permitted him to leave his side. He presented him with greater riches, and showed him all honour. The grandees of the kingdom, perceiving this, were consumed with envy, and conspired together to destroy Farrukruz.

Now, on a certain day the King summoned his emirs, officers, and other nobles, and caused a magnificent feast to be prepared and set forth in the banquet hall of the palace. The furniture of the hall was of ivory overlaid with plates of red gold, set with jewels. The walls were hung with embroidered hangings of blue and silver; while the richest carpets were

spread upon the floor. A thousand golden dishes were filled with the choicest ragouts, pastries, confections, and creams. Gold and silver ewers contained sherbets and other cooling drinks; while great platters of delicate chinaware were heaped with rare and strange fruits from all the islands of the world.

The King sat upon a throne of purple porphyry beneath a canopy of white brocade, and when the banquet was over, he commanded the Ruby Cock to be brought forth, and shown to all those present.

"O ye people," said he, "have ye ever seen anything more wonderful than this curiosity which Farrukruz hath presented to me?"

At this one of the grandees stepped forward, and kissed the ground before the throne.

"Wonderful is this cock," said he, "but if our lord doth desire to surpass all other Kings of earth, he should possess the Jewel Throne, which is composed of red diamonds, yellow emeralds, pink turquoise, and green pearls."

"Surely," exclaimed the King, "such a throne cannot exist! For never hath man seen red diamonds, yellow emeralds, pink turquoise, and green pearls! Not even one such jewel might be obtained for a ring. How, then, is it possible that a throne entirely composed of them should exist? And who would be great enough to procure such a wonder?"

Then another grandee stepped forward, and made his obeisance.

"Let the King know," said he, "that no man is fit to accomplish this matter, except the Vizier Farrukruz. For hath he not already presented the King with a curiosity the like of which doth not exist outside of Paradise?"

Hearing this, the King was much troubled. "Know, O ye people," said he, "that the presence of the Vizier cannot be dispensed with! Another man must be found to go and search for this wonder."

Thereupon Farrukruz arose from his place, and cast himself down before the throne.

"Behold," cried he, "thy willing servant Farrukruz! Verily my heart would rejoice to see thee surpass all other Kings of earth! Therefore, grant me forty days, and I will seek the Jewel Throne, and return hither when the forty days are accomplished."

"Go, then, O Farrukruz," said the King, "and in forty days return, and bring once more the sunshine of thy presence to the Kingdom of Yaman, which will abide in darkness until thou come again."

Thereat Farrukruz rejoiced, and hastened to leave the banquet hall. He clad himself in the habit of a wandering Sheykh, and set forth alone for the great Cave of Mosul, to seek the Sheykh Habib.

He journeyed on for a number of days, until at last

he approached the mouth of the cave, which he saw to be closed by a door of blue stone. He knocked, and there opened to him a Sheykh of smiling countenance and bright brow, and clad in blue vestments.

"Welcome, O Farrukruz, Favourite of Fortune," said he. "Enter and receive the gift that belongeth to him who doth possess the ruby ring."

So saying, he took Farrukruz by the hand, and led him through a passage hewn in the rock, the vaulted roof of which was of crystal veined with gold. They next entered a saloon whose pavement was of variegated stones, while from the ceiling hung lighted lamps of alabaster. Gilded couches, covered with silk of azure colour, stood within a portico, and thither the Sheykh conducted Farrukruz and seated him upon silken cushions.

He then clapped his hands, and a black slave boy brought a repast of cakes and fruits. And after they had refreshed themselves, and washed their hands, the Sheykh arose, and said:—

"Know, O Farrukruz, it is not permitted thee to rest in this place, but thou must proceed at once upon thy journey. The Jewel Throne is guarded by the Genii who inhabit the Mountains of Kaf. These mountains encircle the circumambient Ocean, and are very lofty, and of chrysolite, green like the tint of the sky above them. The distance thither from here is

equal to a journey of three hundred years. The way thither lieth through the land of Gog and Magog, and across the circumambient Ocean which ringeth the whole earth, and beateth against the foot of the Mountains of Kaf.

"In that ocean are innumerable islands, inhabited by troops of the Genii. Hosts of Flying Afrites and Marids fill the air, while others dive to the bottom of the sea. All these guard the way to the Mountains of Kaf, and no human being may approach thither unless he be aided by friendly Genii. But be not discouraged, O Farrukruz, for the Good Genii will help thee.

"Know that on the border of the Ocean lieth the Rose-Garden of the Fairies. The Queen thereof is Banu, the daughter of the King of the Fairies. She hath a tender and gentle heart, and will aid thee. Only never must thou remove from thy finger the ruby ring; nor must thou eat or drink until thou hast gained possession of the Jewel Throne. Take now this staff, made of the mystic cocoa-tree, and it will convey thee to the Rose-Garden of the Fairies. But know that the various evil Afrites that guard the way will lay snares to take from thee this staff. Yield it not, and obey me in all things, and soon the Jewel Throne shall be thine."

So saying the Sheykh placed a staff made of the

cocoa-tree in Farrukruz's hand, and bade him close his eyes. He did so, and immediately he felt himself being transported swiftly through the air.

The Rose-Garden of the Fairies

IN a few minutes Farrukruz found himself set gently down upon the earth. He thereupon opened his eyes, and saw that he was in the midst of a fine and spacious park the like of which he had never seen before. Through the park walked a Fairy Queen of dazzling beauty, robed in scarlet and wearing on her head a crown of silver and pearls, while roundabout her were many lovely Fairies clad in glittering raiment.

The Queen turned her sparkling eyes upon Farrukruz and smiled, and as she did so she made a motion with her wand. Instantly one of the Fairies advanced, and, taking Farrukruz by the hand, led him toward a white palace which appeared in the distance. At the same moment the Queen, attended by her Fairies, moved toward the palace, and disappeared through its great door.

Thereupon Farrukruz sought eagerly to follow, but the Fairy who held him by the hand drew him back, saying: —

"The Law of this park forbiddeth any man who carrieth a staff from entering. Yield thy staff to me,

and then go in, and feast with the Queen of the park."

Farrukruz, without reflecting, thrust the staff into her hand, and made haste to enter. He found himself in a paradise of a garden, in which were set two chairs of curiously carved wood, in one of which reclined the smiling Queen. All her Fairies were seated around her feasting, and singing, and making merry.

As soon as they perceived Farrukruz, the Fairies arose, and surrounding him, led him to the Queen, She made a sign toward the empty chair at her side. and Farrurkuz seated himself upon it. She then placed a transparent goblet filled with perfumed wine in his hand. But no sooner had Farrukruz touched it to his lips than he found himself alone in the midst of a shoreless Ocean, floating on the branch of a tree. He perceived also that he was transformed into a monkey, holding four little monkeys in his arms.

He looked in all directions and could behold no land, and was filled with despair.

"Alas!" cried he, "why did I fail to obey the instructions of the Sheykh Habib! Why did I yield the magic staff to the Fairy!" And he wept with the bitterness of grief.

Thus for seven days did Farrukruz float upon the foaming waves, holding the four little monkeys in his arms. He was without food, and drink; and was now

burned by the heat of the sun, and now made cold by the winds of night; and over him the salt waves dashed.

On the seventh day he perceived a bark drawing near, with masts of sandalwood and sails of silk. In it stood a beautiful queen, of fine form and gentle, tender face. She was robed in white brocade, and crowned with white roses. Around her were standing many Fairies likewise clothed in white, and all wearing crowns of red roses.

The bark drew near to Farrukruz, and the Queen said to her Fairies: —

"Verily the wickedness of my sister Nafisa hath transformed a poor wretch into this monkey!"

So saying she threw drops of water upon Farrukruz, and said, "Quit this form, and return to that of a human being." And straightway the little monkeys disappeared, and Farrukruz assumed once more his own shape.

Filled with joy, he stepped into the bark, and lo, he found himself in a vast rose-garden, filled with fragrance, and beautiful beyond compare!

"Be of good cheer, O Farrukruz," said the Queen, "for thy guardian, the happy Genie Abdallah, hath brought thee hither. I am Queen Banu, and am acquainted with thine errand and will aid thee. Know also that the wicked Fairy who enchanted thee is my

sister Nafisa. We are both daughters of the King of the Fairies, but as I am the elder, I have more power. As for Nafisa she hath married an evil Marid, who hath got her into his bad ways. Therefore she doeth all the harm she can to human beings.

"Know, too," continued Queen Banu, "that my father hath an eldest son who is subject to fits of lunacy. He may be cured only by the touch of the ruby ring of the Genie Abdallah, which thou wearest upon thy finger. I will have thee immediately transported to my father's court, that thou mayest cure my brother. Then will my father in his happiness get for thee the Jewel Throne."

Thereupon Queen Banu bade Farrukruz close his eyes, and he did so. He opened them again, and found himself standing in a royal pavilion, the like of which for beauty and magnificence no human eye had ever beheld. There he saw the King of the Fairies seated upon an ivory throne, and attended by a thousand Fairies.

Farrukruz drew near to the throne, and made his obeisance, then held his peace, wondering at all he saw.

"O young man," said the King, "since human beings excel all other creatures in the science of the physician, I welcome thee. I am informed by my daughter, Queen Banu, that thou dost possess the ring

whose virtue may restore my son to health. If thou do this thing for him, thy reward shall be great. Bring forth," added the King to his Fairies, "the Prince, and show him to this human being."

Immediately the Fairies brought forward the Prince laden with golden chains, and he wept like a cloud or smiled like a fresh rose. As soon as Farrukruz cast his eyes upon him, he hastened to his side, and touched his lips with the ring.

Straightway the golden chains fell off, and the Prince sneezed twice, and was restored to perfect health. Thereupon the King in his joy descended from his throne and embraced his son, and all the Fairies rejoiced.

Then said the King to Farrukruz, "Ask what thou wishest, and it shall be given thee."

"Give me," replied Farrukruz, "the Jewel Throne composed of red diamonds, yellow emeralds, pink turquoise, and green pearls, which is preserved by the Genii in the Mountains of Kaf."

No sooner had Farrukruz spoken thus than the King commanded a hundred Fairies to fly to the Mountains of Kaf and fetch from thence the throne. Instantly they did so, and returning, placed the throne on the ground before Farrukruz.

"Behold, O fortunate young man," said the King, "the Jewel Throne! Take it, and carry it to the King

of Yaman; and afterward return hither and dwell forever with the Fairies. Rub now the ruby ring which is upon thy finger, and an Afrite of the Flying Genii will at once present himself, and lifting thee up, will transport thee to the Kingdom of Yaman."

Hearing this, Farrukruz, almost overcome with joy, rubbed the ring, and immediately there appeared an Afrite of horrible aspect, as large as an elephant and as fierce as a dragon.

"What wouldst thou," asked he in an awful voice, "with Kashank the Flyer?"

"O Kashank," said the King of the Fairies, "take up this human being, together with the Jewel Throne, and carry them safely to the Kingdom of Yaman. As for thee, O Farrukruz," added the King, "mount on the shoulders of this Flyer, but when he soareth aloft into the sky, and thou hearest the praises of the angels, utter no word for if thou do, thou wilt perish."

Thereupon Farrukruz mounted upon the shoulders of the Afrite, and the terrible creature, lifting the Jewel Throne in his hand, soared into the air. They ascended above the clouds, and proceeded for a day and a night, until they heard the praises of the angels. And when the morning came again, the Afrite, descending to the earth, cleaved the dome of the Royal Judgment Hall in which was the King of Yaman,

Thereupon he set down Farrukruz and the Jewel Throne before the King and vanished.

At this wonderful sight, the King made haste and embraced Farrukruz. Then he placed him beside himself upon the Jewel Throne, and ordered the drums of gladness to be beaten, and the people to be invited to a great feast.

At this all the grandees were dismayed, and filled with greater envy, and hated Farrukruz, saying: "Surely this young man is dangerous! He hath accomplished more than we all, and the King's heart is turned from us to him. Therefore we must speedily destroy him."

The Four Golden Date-Trees

THEN the King of Yaman again summoned to a banquet all the emirs and officers and other grandees of the Kingdom. He was seated upon the Jewel Throne, which dazzled all eyes with its beauty, and in his right hand he held the Ruby Cock.

"O ye people," said he, "have ye ever seen greater wonders than this Jewel Throne and Ruby Cock, that Farrukruz hath presented to me?"

At this a grandee came forward, and made his obeisance.

"May the King's desires be all fulfilled!" said he. "Know that greater wonders yet exist. If our lord

wisheth to surpass all other Kings of earth, he must possess the four Golden Date-Trees. The trunk of each tree is of gold, the branches of silver, and its leaves of emeralds. From every branch springeth twenty twigs of ruby, and at the end of each twig is suspended a golden date, as sweet as honey, fragrant as musk, and large as an ostrich egg.

"If these four Golden Date-Trees were placed at the four corners of the Jewel Throne, no King on earth could compare with the magnificence and wealth of our lord the King of Yaman."

Thereat the King smiled disdainfully. "Verily," said he, "such a tree cannot be found, for it doth not exist in this world!"

"There is nothing," replied the grandee, "that may not be accomplished by a man like the Vizier Farrukruz, who hath already presented the King with two treasures, the equal of which doth not exist outside of Paradise."

Thereupon Farrukruz stood up in his place, and, having kissed the ground, said: —

"O mighty King, permit me to undertake this business. Grant me six months, at the expiration of which I will return to thee again." And he urged the King thus, until he consented. After which Farrukruz hastened and clad himself once more in the habit of a wandering Sheykh, and departed from the city.

Scarcely had he done so when he rubbed the ruby ring, and the Afrite Kashank stood before him.

"What wouldst thou have?" said he in a voice like thunder. "I am Kashank the Flyer, sent to serve thee by the King of the Fairies."

"I wish," replied Farrukruz, "to be instantly transported to the Rose-Garden of the Fairies."

The Afrite Kashank took him upon his shoulders, and ascended with him into the sky. They rose above the clouds, and heard the praises of the angels; and thus they continued to fly for a day and a night. So fared it with Farrukruz.

As for Queen Banu, after Farrukruz had been transported to the Court of the King of the Fairies to seek the Jewel Throne, she sent forth ten powerful Marids.

"Go," said she, "to the park of my sister Nafisa, and bring her hither."

The Marids did so, and, seizing her, bound her with silken cords, and brought her to Queen Banu.

"Malicious Nafisa," said that good Queen, "wherefore dost thou always afflict mankind? And in what manner hath Farrukruz injured thee, that thou shouldst transform him into a monkey? From now on thou art banished from this Rose-Garden. Return to thy park, and mend thine evil ways, or a worse punishment shall befall thee."

Thereupon Nafisa foamed with rage, and the

Marids, lifting her up, carried her back to her park. But scarcely was she returned before she began to conspire against Queen Banu.

"This Farrukruz," said she to her Fairies, "will endeavour to see Queen Banu again. Let us watch for him, and by guile take away the ruby ring, which he weareth upon his hand. Then will he pass from the power of Banu and again be under my enchantment."

So saying she transformed her park into a semblance of the Rose-Garden, and putting white garments and a rose garland upon one of her Fairies, she caused her to look like Queen Banu.

It happened also that Kashank the Afrite was a hater of good Queen Banu; therefore Nafisa told him all.

"Be not dismayed," said he, "at Banu's punishment of thee. I am now summoned to carry Farrukruz once more to the Rose-Garden of the Fairies, where he seeketh the four Golden Date-Trees. Make all ready, and in the spot where thou didst first see him, there will I set him down again."

With that he flew away to the Kingdom of Yaman, to fetch Farrukruz. So fared it with Queen Banu and Nafisa.

The Afrite Kashank

NOW, when the Afrite Kashank had taken up Farrukruz upon his shoulders, and soared with him into the sky, he flew for a day and a night. And on the morning of the second day, he descended into the park that resembled the Rose-Garden of the Fairies, and placed Farrukruz upon the ground, saying:—

"O happy youth! Know that to-day is thy marriage day, for Queen Banu hath chosen thee for her bridegroom! Behold she cometh yonder; make haste to meet her." And having thus said, the Afrite Kashank flew away.

Thereupon Farrukruz was confounded with wonder and joy. He then perceived the false Queen Banu advancing toward him, surrounded by her Fairies, and ran eagerly to meet her, and cast himself down at her feet.

"Arise, O my beloved," said the false Queen Banu, "and give to me the ruby ring from thy finger as a token of thy affection. Always shalt thou remain with me here in perfect bliss!"

Farrukruz then hastily drew from his finger the ring and placed it in the hand of the false Queen. Instantly he heard a roaring like a mighty wind and the raging of the sea; and he fell to the ground in a swoon. And, lo, when he opened his eyes he found himself changed

into the form of an old barber. He stood in his shop in Damascus, surrounded by his utensils, and he was shaving the head of a man.

He was struck with amazement, and said to himself, "Surely this man must be Kashank the Afrite!" So he threw away his razor, and tore his clothes, and cast dust upon his head, and struck the man, exclaiming!—

"Wicked Afrite! The King of the Fairies commanded thee to serve me, and I trusted thee! By thy perfidy I have lost my talisman, the ruby ring, which is more valuable than the Diadem of Iskandar, or the Goblet of Jamshid which doth mirror the whole world! I have been torn from the presence of my beloved, and have been transformed, and have lost my happiness! Thou art not satisfied with all this, but thou sittest here railing at me!"

Hearing these words, the man sprang up, bareheaded as he was, and ran into the street. And Farrukruz pursued him, shouting, "O all ye people! Seize Kashank the Afrite, who hath deeply wronged me, and destroyed my peace of mind."

As Farrukruz was bawling thus, and running, his girdle became loose, and he stumbled and fell to the ground. And in so doing he hit his head, and the blood flowed forth.

Now the man was the servant of the Chief Cadi of

Damascus, and a wicked person; so when the people saw an old barber pursuing him, and falling down wounded, with the blood flowing from his head, they questioned Farrukruz, saying, "What hath this evil one done unto thee?"

To all of which he answered, "Seize Kashank the Afrite, who hath done me fearful damage!"

And the people said, "We know him to be the servant of the Chief Cadi, and a very great scoundrel, but his name is not Kashank the Afrite. He hath now escaped; but come thou with us to the Chief Cadi, and he will do thee justice."

So they bound up Farrukruz's head, and led him before the Chief Cadi. And he tumbled headlong into the Cadi's house, crying, "O all ye people! By the treachery of Kashank the Afrite my happiness hath been destroyed!"

Then, before the Cadi could address him, Farrukruz rushed forth again into the street, shouting, "Seize Kashank the Afrite, who hath changed the Spring of my peace into the Autumn of misery!"

The people who heard him, thought that a great thief had escaped, and many of them ran after Farrukruz, crying out, "Catch Kashank the Afrite, who hath escaped from the Chief Cadi's house!" But no one knew who Kashank was.

Now, it happened that a man of the desert, tall and

dark, with long hair and dishevelled beard, at that moment entered the gate. He was a stranger, and had crossed the desert, to see the city of Damascus, where he had never been before.

He perceived Farrukruz running toward him, and heard the shouts of the people who followed after, and was seized with fear. He began to run away like a goblin of the wilderness; and the people, thinking him to be Kashank the Afrite, pursued after, and seized and bound him.

Thereupon Farrukruz, thinking the man of the desert was Kashank the Afrite, struck him, exclaiming, "O perfidious wretch! Why hast thou deprived me of my love, and of my ruby ring, and plunged me thus into the abyss of misery?"

The man of the desert, hearing this, was astonished, and thought to himself, "Verily it must be the custom of this city, to so treat strangers!"

The many people, seeing Farrukruz with his head bound up, and lamenting in a pitiful manner, reproached the man of the desert. "O Kashank," said they, "art thou not ashamed of having wronged this poor old barber, who is too aged to protect himself against thee?" But the man of the desert made no reply, and shook his head like a goat.

It happened that the Emir of the city was riding forth accompanied by his servants, and perceiving

the crowd in the street, he sent a chamberlain to inquire the cause of the matter.

Soon the chamberlain returned, and said, "O my lord, know that a fellow, Kashank the Afrite, hath deprived a barber of his wife, together with a costly ring."

And at the same moment Farrukruz, beholding the Emir, rushed forward, shouting, "Woe is me! The whirlwind of treachery of Kashank the Afrite hath extinguished the lamp of my happiness, and the fire of his oppression hath melted my soul and life!"

Thereupon the Emir commanded the man of the desert to be brought before him. The people did so, and the Emir questioned into the matter, and several persons, who had been present in the barber's shop, told their tale. After which the Emir ordered them to loose the man of the desert, and bind Farrukruz instead, and carry him to the madhouse. And so they did. Thus fared it with Farrukruz.

As for the real Kashank the Afrite, after Nafisa had transformed Farrukruz, he had conveyed him to the barber's shop in Damascus, and cast out the owner thereof. Then he flew with great speed through the air, and presented himself before the Fairy King, with whom was Queen Banu.

"Alas!" cried he, "a great misfortune hath be-

fallen Farrukruz! When I soared above the clouds, and he heard the praises of the angels, he uttered a prayer and fell from my shoulders into the sea. There seven evil Marids of fearful strength drew him beneath the water, and slaughtered him. And I have been compelled to return to thee in great distress!"

"O my father," said Queen Banu, "listen not to Kashank the Flyer. Verily he is evil-minded and hath been led astray by my sister Nafisa, who beareth great enmity toward me. Let this Afrite, therefore, be imprisoned until the matter be closely examined."

The King of the Fairies then summoned a thousand of his Afrites, and bade them imprison Kashank. And they did so.

When the next day dawned, there came into the presence of the King of the Fairies an Afrite holding the ruby ring in his hand. "Know, O King," said he, "that the ruby ring of the Genie Abdallah hath suddenly appeared in thy treasury; and that a Fairy hath returned from the city of Damascus, where he saw in the streets a lunatic, who ran about and shouted for Kashank the Afrite; and who is none other than Farrukruz. The Emir of that city hath thrown him into iron chains; and he is now in the madhouse."

The King of the Fairies, hearing this, at once commanded the Afrite to fetch Farrukruz, and he did so, descending into the earth, and rising up through the

floor of the madhouse. He struck the iron chains from Farrukruz's limbs, who immediately returned to his own form, and, lifting him, transported him in the twinkling of an eye to the Court of the Fairy King.

The King embraced and comforted him, and ordered his Afrites to summon Nafisa, and bring Kashank before him. And they did so.

"O wicked Kashank," said he, "thou shalt henceforth be confined in a bottle of brass, and its mouth shall he sealed with the Great Seal of our lord Solomon, on whom be peace! And thou shalt be thrown into the sea, there to abide until the Judgment Day. And as for thee, Nafisa, thou shalt be imprisoned forever in the Castle of Black Marble in the midst of the Mountains of Kaf."

So saying the King of the Fairies commanded his Afrites to remove Kashank and Nafisa. And they did so.

As for Farrukruz, the King gave him back the ruby ring, and presented him with the four Golden Date-Trees on the backs of four huge elephants. He then ordered seventy of his faithful Afrites to convey the elephants, together with Farrukruz, to the Kingdom of Yaman in safety.

Conclusion of the History of Farrukruz, the Favourite of Fortune

NOW, the grandees of Yaman thought Farrukruz destroyed, and they rejoiced greatly thereat. But on a certain day, when the King sat in his palace upon the Jewel Throne, there came a messenger who said:—

"Behold Farrukruz cometh with the four Golden Date-Trees upon the backs of four huge elephants, and he himself riding upon a fifth."

And even as the messenger spoke, Farrukruz rode through the streets of the city, amid the shouts of the people.

The King caused a throne to be placed by his, and welcoming Farrukruz with joy, seated him thereon. He then commanded that the four Golden Date-Trees should be set up at the four corners of the Jewel Throne, and the Ruby Cock brought forth. And when all the emirs, officers, and other grandees were assembled before him, the King spake:—

"O ye people, behold these marvellous objects, the gifts of Farrukruz! What King of earth doth possess their equal?"

At this all the envious grandees stepped forward, and said:—

"Wonderful are these objects, but if our lord the

King doth desire to surpass all other Kings of the world, he must have one more wonder. Let the Vizier Farrukruz procure from the Garden of Paradise a crown of flames."

At these words the King's eyes flashed and he was filled with fury.

"O ye impious and envious men!" exclaimed he, "no longer shall your wicked minds desire the destruction of my faithful servant Farrukruz. Your heads shall be severed from your bodies at once, and your tongues given to the dogs!" And as the King thus spoke, the guard advanced, and, seizing all the envious grandees, led them forth to the place of execution, and fulfilled their lord's commands.

The King then showed Farrukruz every honour, and sent for his father Khoja Marjan, and appointed him chief jeweller, presenting him with a robe of honour, and a yearly sum of thirty thousand pieces of gold.

After which Farrukruz abode a year in the Kingdom of Yaman. Then he bade his father and the King farewell, and rubbed the ruby ring. In the twinkling of an eye he was transported by Afrites into the presence of the King of the Fairies and Queen Banu. They received him with joy, and he related to them all his adventures from first to last.

The Fairy King then married Farrukruz to Queen

Banu, and all the Fairies rejoiced. A magnificent feast was spread, to which came the faithful Afrites and Marids from the Mountains of Kaf, and to it came also the happy Genie Abdallah.

CONTINUATION OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GENII

AND the Genie Abdallah smiled at Patna and Coulor, and ceased speaking. He then made his obeisance before the throne of the King of the Genii, and once more mounted his own silver throne.

"Good Fairy Moang," said the King of the Genii, likewise smiling, "the children of Guialar, the Iman of Terki, have now heard the joyous tale of Farrukruz, which the happy Genie Abdallah hath related. Take them to the apartment of entertainment, and bring them hither again to-morrow to listen to the remarkable deeds of Ali, the Genie of the Green Veil."

At this the Genie Abdallah once more smiled at the children, and the Fairy led their reluctant feet from the crystal hall. She conducted them, as before, to the apartment hung with azure curtains, and fed them on delicate food. But when they arose to go into the garden, she drew them toward their couches, saying: —

"Beautiful things are being prepared for you by the Sons and Daughters of the Fairies, therefore ye must not go into the garden to-night. When to-morrow cometh, and ye have heard the remarkable deeds of Ali of the Green Veil, then may Patna and Coulor visit the Garden of Fruits."

So the children, eager for the morrow, laid themselves down and slept until day dawned. And after they had eaten again, the Fairy led them to the crystal saloon, where the Good Genii were seated upon their thrones.

The children took their places upon the carpet, and as they did so they saw with sorrow that the Genie Abdallah was not present. And as they looked toward his empty throne, the King of the Genii spoke as follows: —

"Arise, O Ali of the Green Veil, and relate to these human beings some of thy deeds for mankind."

At once a Genie with bright eyes and red cheeks, and wrapped in a green veil, descended from his throne, and said: —

"Hear, O ye human beings, verily Ali seeketh always to help those in distress. Therefore listen to some of my deeds, which have been in accordance with the precepts of Solomon, on whom be peace!"

THE HISTORY OF KING AZAD AND THE TWO ROYAL SHEYKHS

The White Hair

THERE formerly reigned in Istambol a great King named Azad. In his Kingdom all people were happy, the treasuries were full, the army con-

tented, and the poor lived at ease. Every one had such plenty that the day was a festival, and the night was illuminated like the feast of the full moon.

Sultans and Princes paid tribute to King Azad, and did him homage. But he remained without pride, and was generous and wise, and neglected not his prayers to Allah, whose name be exalted!

King Azad, however, had no son to succeed him upon his throne, and he was very sorrowful, often praying thus: "O Allah, the Abundant Provider, thou hast everything in thy hidden treasuries. Give me a worthy son that my name may be preserved in my Kingdom."

In this hope King Azad reached his fortieth year, and on the day of his birthday feast, he cast his eyes toward a mirror, and, lo, he perceived a white hair in his beard, that glittered like a silver wire! On seeing this the King's eyes filled with tears, and he heaved a deep sigh. "Alas!" said he, "death hath already sent me a messenger! Hence it doth appear clearly that I am not destined to have an heir to my throne and canopy!"

Having thus thought, the King dismissed his Vizier and attendants, and, descending into the lower garden, spread there a prayer-rug. And he continued to pray and weep all that day. In the evening he broke his fast with a date and a few mouthfuls of water, and lay all night upon the prayer-rug.

Thus King Azad passed many days, and he no longer judged his people, nor attended to the affairs of state. Thieves and murderers thrived in the Kingdom, and rebels and enemies raised up their heads, and all the people mourned.

Then the emirs, officers, and other grandees assembled and spake thus: "The Vizier Kiradmand is exceeding wise, and the King loveth him well. Let us go to him, and he will tell us what to do."

Thereupon they presented themselves before the Vizier, saying: "Know that the Kingdom is in confusion. And unless the King attend to the affairs of state, all will soon be lost."

The Vizier Kiradmand, hearing this, remained silent for some time in perplexity. After which he spoke thus: "The King our lord hath strictly forbidden any one to enter his royal presence. Nevertheless will I go to him; and may the King's heart be turned so that he will hearken to my words."

So saying the Vizier went forth, and stood at the entrance of the lower garden. He then sent a messenger to the King, saying: "Behold thine old slave Kiradmand is waiting. For many days he hath not seen the light of the royal countenance, and hath been in darkness and desolation. May he now be permitted to kiss the royal feet?"

The messenger soon returned, and commanded the

Vizier to enter the garden. He did so, and, making his obeisance, stood before the King with arms crossed upon his bosom. He then saw with sorrow the King's altered appearance, and that from weeping and fasting his eyes were sunk in their sockets, and his face was grown pale.

"O Kiradmand," said the King, "thou hast seen me! Be satisfied! Go now, and rule over the Kingdom in my stead."

At this the Vizier could not restrain his grief, and wept aloud. "What strange fancy," said he, "doth possess the mind of my lord? This thy slave, through thy favour, may rule many kingdoms! But ruin and death are spread abroad because our lord doth absent himself, and no longer conducteth the affairs of state!"

"Hear, O Kiradmand," replied the King, "I have now arrived at an age when my hair is turning white. I have no son to succeed me, for which reason my heart is sorrowful, and I have abandoned everything in life. Let who will take my throne and wealth, I have no need of them. I will retire to the mountains, and there worship Allah, whose name be exalted!" And the King heaved a sigh, and ceased speaking.

"O King of the age," replied the Vizier, "banish from thy mind these fancies, or all thy subjects will be thrown into confusion and despair, and this thy

Kingdom, which thy fathers established with so much labour, will be lost in a moment!

"Moreover, thou wilt have to answer to Allah the High, the Great, on the Day of Judgment, when he will say, 'I made thee King, and placed my creatures under thy care. But thou wast unfaithful, and didst afflict and abandon them.' What answer will the King make?

"Pardon thy slave's words, but it is not the part of a mighty King to wander like a beggar in the mountains. Thou hast heard the saying:—

"'*Allah is near thee, yet thou seekest for Him in the wilderness!*
Thy child is in thine arms, yet thou searchest for him in the city!'"

Hearing these wise words, King Azad cast down his eyes, and sat in silence for a little space of time, after which he said, "Go forth, O Kiradmand, and announce to my people that to-morrow I will sit in the Royal Judgment Hall."

"I hear and obey," said the Vizier with joy. "As long as the earth doth exist, may the throne of my lord the King continue to stand! And may an heir to his throne and canopy soon appear!" So saying, he made haste and went forth.

When the morning dawned, King Azad entered the hall, and seated himself upon his throne, and judged

his subjects till the hour of noon was come. He then retired to his palace to eat and repose, and spent the night in tears. And so he did for the space of three months.

Now, it happened one night, that King Azad was restless, and he disguised himself in the habit of a Sheykh, and went forth secretly from the palace. He entered the forest, and wandered to and fro in the cool of the night. He proceeded thus for some time, until suddenly a mighty wind arose, and he made haste to return. And as he did so he beheld the glimmer of a fire before him in the way.

He approached it in silence, and perceived a pot of fire burning upon the ground; and before it, on a mattress, were seated two strange Sheykhs. They were both young, with unkempt hair and beards, and dressed in rags. And as the King gazed upon them, they lighted their pipes, and one said to the other:—

"O my friend, we two, by the decree of Destiny have wandered for an age over the surface of the earth, and to-day we have met each other in this spot. The events of to-morrow are not known, whether we shall travel together, or separate forever. Let us then agree each to relate his adventures to-night."

"Verily," replied the other Sheykh, "it is well. Do thou begin thy tale, and I will hear. After which I will relate mine to thee."

Hearing this, King Azad, filled with curiosity, sat down beneath a tree, and prepared to listen. And the first Sheykh began thus:—

Hatim the Giver

KNOW, O my friend, that my story is wonderful — extraordinary! I was not always clothed in rags. This wretch is the Prince of Persia! In the seven climes there is no Kingdom equal to that Kingdom. The atmosphere of Persia is delightful, and the inhabitants handsome and refined in their manners.

My father was King of that country, and he caused me to be taught by wise men, so that with the favour of Allah, — whose name be exalted! — when I attained my fourteenth year, I was learned in every science and art, and had acquired all knowledge requisite for Kings to know.

One day a learned companion, who had journeyed to all the great cities and regions of the earth, said to me: "Know, O Prince, that Kings rise and rule their Kingdoms, and then die and are forgotten; but the deeds of the generous cause their doers to be remembered for all times. So was it with Hatim Tai."

"Relate to me," said I, "the story of this Hatim Tai."

Thereupon my companion said:—

"In ancient days, in the reign of Naufal, King of

Arabia, there lived an Arab Chief named Hatim Tai. Allah, — whose name be exalted! — had endowed him with great wealth, and he was celebrated for his boundless generosity. He dispensed his wealth daily in a hall having seventy doors, each of which was open to the poor. And none entered the hall but went away satisfied.

"Now, it happened that King Naufal heard of the fame of Hatim, and his soul was filled with envy and hate. 'If this man,' thought he, 'continueth to give thus freely to all, soon the hearts of my subjects will leave me, and cleave to him. Verily I will go forth and destroy him.'

"So King Naufal assembled his troops, and armed them with weapons, and rode forth at their head.

"There came a messenger running to Hatim Tai, and said: 'Know, O my Chief, that King Naufal is advancing with numerous troops to slay thee! Therefore call together the warriors of the Tribe of Tai, and give the King battle. Though he hath a large army, still the right is on thy side, and thy people love thee; and thou shalt prosper.'

"But Hatim Tai answered: 'This King hateth me, not my people. Know that if I prepare for battle, the creatures of Allah — whose name be exalted! — will be slaughtered, and much blood will be spilt. And the punishment of Heaven will fall upon me!'

"So saying, Hatim threw off his rich garments, and clad himself in rags, then alone he fled from the hall, and hid in a cave in the mountains. So fared it with Hatim Tai.

"As for King Naufal, when he heard that Hatim had fled, he took all his wealth and lands, and appointed another man Chief of the Tribe of Tai. Then he sent forth a crier who proclaimed:—

"'O all ye people of Arabia! Whosoever shall seize Hatim Tai, and bring him before the King, shall receive five thousand pieces of gold.' And on hearing this, many people began to search eagerly for him.

"Now, there lived near the mountain in which Hatim was hidden, an old man and his wife. They were poor and hungry, and were so feeble that they could scarcely work. One day as they were gathering firewood for sale, they wandered before the cave, and Hatim heard them talking.

"'Alas!' said the old woman, 'if this day were fortunate, we should meet Hatim somewhere. Then we could seize him, and carry him before the King, who would give us five thousand pieces of gold. So might we stop toiling, and never suffer hunger again.'

"'What art thou talking about?' replied the old man. 'It is our fate to pick up firewood all our lives. Stop talking, and mind thy work. Why should Hatim

fall into our hands, and the King give us all that money?'

"Hatim, hearing what they said, thought to himself: 'Verily, it is unmanly and ungenerous for me to conceal myself thus! Far better is it to afford relief to these wretched old ones, who, if they gain this sum, will never suffer hunger more. True it is that a man without compassion is like the beast of the field!'

"So he immediately stepped forth from the cave, saying: 'O my friends, I am Hatim Tai. Lead me to Naufal, and he will give you the five thousand pieces of gold.'

"But the old man hearing this, and understanding Hatim's generosity, was deeply moved, and fell at Hatim's feet. 'O my lord,' cried he, 'if we deliver thee up to such a man, who knoweth how he will treat thee? He may put thee to death! This can I never do — deliver a man to his enemy for gold! How should I enjoy the wealth? I must die, and what shall I answer Allah the Judge?'

"'Take me with thee,' replied Hatim, 'I wish it. I have ever desired that not only my wealth, but my life also, should help the poor.'

"But the old man would not be persuaded.

"And while they were thus talking, lo, a party of rough men advanced, and when they knew Hatim, they seized him and bound his hands behind his back.

Then they led him away to King Naufal. And the old man and his wife followed them in silent grief.

"And when they brought Hatim before the royal throne, the King asked, 'Who hath found and brought him hither?'

"And all the men, one after the other, answered that they had searched the woods and found him. After each had recounted his act of bravery, Hatim stepped forward and said:—

"'O King, if thou dost wish to know the truth, that old man who standeth there aloof from all, he it is that found me. Therefore give to him and his wife, and not to these liars, the five thousand pieces of gold.'

"Hearing this, the old man could not contain himself, and, drawing near, cast himself down before the throne. 'Listen, O mighty King,' said he. 'Lo, Hatim hath come hither of his own accord so that I and my poor wife need suffer hunger no more.' And he told the King all that had happened from first to last.

"Thereat King Naufal marvelled. He made a sign with his hand toward the men who had brought Hatim in. 'Take,' said he to his guard, 'these liars, and tie their arms, and, instead of five thousand pieces of gold, let them receive five hundred strokes of the whip.'

"The guard immediately seized the men, and leading them forth, carried out their lord's commands.

"As for Hatim Tai, the King took him by the hand, and caused a magnificent robe to be put upon him, and seated him by the throne. After which he returned to him all his wealth and lands, and restored him as Chief of the Tribe of Tai.

"While to the old man and his wife, the King gave ten thousand pieces of gold, and sent them away rejoicing."

So ended the story of my learned companion.

The Princess of Basra

WHEN I had heard the whole of this adventure of Hatim Tai's greatness, my heart was filled with shame. "What!" said I to myself, "shall this Hatim, an Arab Chief, acquire everlasting fame; while I, the son of the King of Persia, am not known outside this Kingdom! Verily, I will go and do deeds of generosity like Hatim."

So I called the chief carpenter, and bade him construct for me at once a palace having forty high and wide gates. In a short time the palace was completed, and I used to go there daily, and bestow gold pieces on the poor and helpless who came through the forty gates. So did I for some time.

It happened one day that an aged Sheykh came in at the first gate, and demanded alms. I presented him with a piece of gold, and he went out. Immediately

he reëntered by the second gate, and asked for two pieces of gold. I gave them to him, and he went out again, only to return by the third gate, and demand three more pieces of gold. So he continued to do, entering gate by gate, and increasing his demands, until at length he entered the fortieth gate, and asked for forty pieces of gold. At his impudent conduct my anger rose, but I gave him what he asked. He went out, and returned immediately by the first gate.

"What kind of a Sheykh art thou?" I exclaimed. "O avaricious man! at the forty gates thou hast received from one to forty pieces of gold, and even after this, thy greed hath brought thee back again! Go hence in shame, and let me not see thy face again today."

Immediately on hearing me speak thus, the Sheykh, in anger, threw down all the gold he had received. "O unmannerly one," said he, "take back thy gift, and keep it! It is difficult to be generous, and thou dost not even know the meaning of the word! I have not seen a person who is truly generous, except the Princess of Basra. She weareth with ease the Robe of Generosity, which thou canst not even put on!"

Hearing this speech I was rebuked, and besought the Sheykh to forgive my words, and take the gold again. But he would not accept my entreaties, and went away, saying, "If thou didst offer me all thy

Kingdom, I would not accept a thread from thee!" So he departed, and I saw him no more.

Having heard such praises of the Princess of Basra, I became quite restless, and desirous of seeking her and observing her generosity. So I put on the habit of a pilgrim, and, going forth secretly from my palace, took the road to Basra.

In a few days I arrived at the boundaries of that country, and when night was come there met me some servants of the Princess, who, with great respect, conducted me to a house of entertainment, and I remained there all night. The next morning, I set out on my way for the city of Basra, and when night was come again, I was met by the servants of the Princess, who cared for me as before. So it happened for seven nights.

At last I reached the gate of the city, and there came forth to welcome me a handsome young man. He greeted me with great sweetness, and said: "Behold, I am the servant of all pilgrims who visit this city, and I escort each stranger to my mansion, for there is no Khan here. Come with me, and make me happy and contented."

Seeing his pleasant manners and handsome appearance, I rejoiced, and accompanied him. Soon he conducted me to a large and stately mansion. The street before the door was swept and sprinkled with

perfumed water, and on either side of the door stood ten black eunuchs, each holding a silver mace. We passed between these, and, entering the mansion, found ourselves in a large and elegant saloon. Costly carpets were spread by the side of the fountain, and silken cushions were laid thereon. Gold and silver boxes containing rare spices, and jars of beautiful Chinaware, were arranged with taste in their places. In the recesses of the wall were gilded baskets filled with oranges, rich confections, and nuts. The saloon was lighted by many lamps in the shapes of cypress-trees and lotus-flowers; while camphorated candles burned in silver candlesticks, over which were placed rich glass shades. The perfume of musk and ambergris filled the whole saloon.

The young man led me forward, with all respect, and seated me on the cushions by the side of the fountain. He then summoned his slaves, and bade them attend me. They immediately did so, washing my feet and hands in scented water, and spreading a cloth before me. They then served me with a profusion of dishes containing various viands, sufficient to satisfy a large multitude.

Seeing such a quantity of roast meats, pastries, confections, and fruits, I took but a mouthful from each dish, and my appetite was satisfied. But the young man pressed me to eat more, saying: "O pil-

grim, eat! The dinner is still untouched. Eat without ceremony."

"May Allah the Bountiful bless thy mansion!" I replied. "I cannot sufficiently praise the delicacy and flavour of thy food, but I have eaten enough, so, I pray thee, let the dishes be removed."

Thereupon the cloth and dishes were removed, and a slave brought a ewer and basin of gold, and, bathing my hands, wiped them with a silken napkin. Then the young man and I conversed for some time with joy; after which he led me to a magnificent couch beneath a canopy of white satin.

I lay down upon the couch, which was softer than a bed of roses; while slave boys placed pots of fragrant flowers by my side and burned aromatic gums. Wherever I turned, my senses were intoxicated with perfumes. In this state I fell asleep.

When morning dawned, I was waited upon by numerous black slaves, and a repast on golden dishes was served; after which I spent the day in delight and amusement. In this manner I passed three days and three nights, and on the morning of the fourth day I requested the young man to permit me to depart.

But he joined his hands together, and said: "O pilgrim, why dost thou desire to leave my mansion so soon? Perhaps I have been deficient in my attentions to thee, for which reason thou art displeased, and wish to go."

I replied with astonishment, "O young man, know that the rules of hospitality in my Kingdom permit a guest to remain three days. These I have fulfilled. To stay longer is to trespass on good manners. Therefore I beg to depart."

"O pilgrim," said he, "do as thou desirest. But first know that the Princess of Basra entertaineth in this wise every stranger who cometh to this city. She now requesteth thee to accept all the dishes, carpets, and furniture, which have been provided for thine entertainment. They are now thy property, and thou mayest place them in a room, and put thy seal on the door. And when thou so desirest, thou mayest remove or dispose of them as thou seest fit."

Hearing these words, I was the more astonished, and refused his offer. But he would take no refusal, so at last I was obliged to place the articles in a room, and close the door with my seal.

As I was about to bid the young man farewell, and depart, a eunuch approached me, magnificently clad, and carrying a golden mace. He addressed me with humility, and said:—

"O pilgrim, do me the favour to dignify my mansion with thy presence. For if thou doest not so, the Princess will hear that a stranger hath visited this city, and hath not received the entertainment due

him. Then will she inflict severe punishment upon me. Even my life may be endangered."

At first I refused to listen to his request, but he continued to urge me, until I consented. Thereupon he conducted me to a mansion more magnificent than the other, and entertained me with greater elegance for the period of three days. After which I desired to depart.

The eunuch then presented me with all the gold and silver dishes, and silken carpets, rich furniture, and all other articles in the mansion, and obliged me to place them in a large apartment, and close the door with my seal. But perceiving my embarrassment, he said: —

"O Pilgrim, whatever thy wish may be, impart it to me, and I will convey it to the Princess, and she will satisfy thy desire."

Thereupon I took up a pen, and wrote as follows: —

"*To her whose generosity is greater than that of Hatim Tai, and whose munificence hath inspired my heart with love, and a desire to see her.*

"*Know, thy servants have informed me that whatever my wishes are, thou wilt satisfy them. Know, too, that I am not in want of the riches of this world. I am the son of a King, and have come hither with great fatigue, and with the ardent desire of seeing thee. I now hope, through thy benevolence, to attain the wish of my heart, which is to possess thy hand, and share with thee my wealth and estate.*"

Having written this letter, I sealed it, and gave it to the eunuch, who carried it to the Princess.

After a short time he returned, and, beckoning me to follow, conducted me to the door of the royal seraglio. I saw there an old woman, dressed in jewelled garments, and seated upon a golden bench. Before her stood numerous white slave-girls with eyes downcast, and arms folded across their bosoms.

Thereupon I imagined her to be the head woman of the Princess's household, and made my obeisance before her. She signed me to be seated by her side, and said as follows:—

"Know, O young man, that the Princess sendeth thee her salutations, and saith: 'Thou callest thyself the son of a King; why, then, dost thou wander about in the habit of a poor pilgrim? Prove thyself by bravery to be a Prince, and I will marry thee. But thou must first accomplish a task which I will set.'

"Therefore," continued the old woman, "thou must perform a certain difficult and dangerous task, from which none, who hath hitherto undertaken the matter, hath returned. If thou succeed, the Princess will be thine."

Hearing this, I almost swooned with delight. "Tell me," said I, "what this task may be, and I will neither spare life nor fortune to accomplish it."

"Remain to-night in the mansion of entertainment

with the eunuch," replied she, "and to-morrow thou shalt know."

So taking my leave of her, I returned to the mansion.

I waited with great impatience, and when the next evening was come, the eunuch again beckoned me to follow him, and I did so. He led me once more to the door of the royal seraglio, and a venerable man came forth, and saluted us.

"O Barawar," said the eunuch, "relate to this pilgrim all that thou hast seen in the Kingdom of Nimroz." And after saying this the eunuch departed.

Thereupon Barawar regarded me in silence for a little time, then he seated me beside him upon the golden bench before the door, and said:—

Story of the Young Man and the Roaring Bull

O KING'S son, our Princess doth possess thousands of slaves, the least of whom am I. Nevertheless, it so happened one time that the Princess delivered to me merchandise of a great amount, and commanded me to go to other cities and sell and buy. I prepared for the journey and set out, and after a year's time, arrived at the country of Nimroz.

"I entered the chief city, and observed that the inhabitants were all clad in black. I asked the reason of this strange thing, but no one would answer me;

and many days passed leaving me in this state of astonishment.

"One day, at the time of the new moon, all the inhabitants of the city, both great and small, old and young, rich and poor, went out at the gate, and assembled upon a plain. The King of Nimroz went there also, mounted on his horse, and surrounded by his grandees. All the people formed themselves into a long line, with the King at their head.

"I also joined the throng, to see what strange thing was about to take place. Scarcely had I done so when a beautiful young man appeared riding over the plain on the back of a roaring bull. He held before him an attendant, and carried in his right hand a naked sword.

"As he drew nearer, I perceived that the young man was raging, and foaming at the mouth. He descended from the back of the bull, and sat upon the ground. After which he gave to the attendant an emerald vase. The attendant then passed along the line of people, and showed the vase to each person, and as he did so, all wept loudly and bitterly. In this way he continued to show the thing, until he came to me, when he returned to his master.

"The young man immediately rose up from the ground, and with one blow of his naked sword struck the head of the attendant from his shoulders. He

then broke the vase, and, mounted upon the back of the bull, galloped off in the direction from whence he had come, the bull roaring as he went.

"All present stood like statues, motionless with grief and horror. And when he had disappeared from their sight, they returned weeping to the city.

"I asked everybody I met the meaning of this strange scene, but no one would give me the slightest information. I then sold all my goods, and bought rich merchandise of Nimroz, and journeyed back to the city of Basra. And I related to the Princess all that I had seen.

"Since which time the Princess hath been filled with amazement and curiosity. She longeth to ascertain the cause of the young man's actions, and to learn why the inhabitants of the city of Nimroz wept. She hath, therefore, made a vow that the man who will bring her a true account thereof, him she will accept in marriage, and he shall share in all her wealth.

"Therefore, O King's son," continued Barawar, "wilt thou attempt the journey to Nimroz, and ascertain the cause of this strange event? If so, prepare to depart at once. If, however, thou fearest to undertake the matter, return in peace to thine own home."

"Verily," said I, "I will immediately set out and uncover this mystery. But it is my desire that before I go, the Princess may hear with her own ears the

request I presented in the letter. This will inspire my heart with confidence and joy; and I will afterward undertake all that she doth require."

Hearing this, Barawar laid his finger on his lips, and, bowing assent, returned to the apartment of the Princess. And after a short time the same old woman, whom the day before I had seen seated upon the golden bench, issued from the apartment.

She took me by the hand, and conducted me through a passage, on either side of which stood a row of female slaves, as lovely as the full moon, with arms crossed upon their bosoms.

We next entered a saloon the beauty of which was like the shining sun for splendour. The floor was of alabaster, the ceiling was of blue colour. As for the walls, they were so covered with large mirrors, the frames of which were studded with jewels reflecting the light, that the room seemed inlaid with diamonds.

At the upper end of the saloon was a platform spread with a silken carpet, and embowered with shrubs of silver set in beds of gold. And on the shrubs were flowers formed of jewels of every colour. In the centre of the platform was placed a throne of alabaster whereon was seated the Princess. She, however, was hidden from my sight by a canopy of white brocade fringed with pearls, and supported by silver poles encrusted with jewels.

On seeing all this beauty and wonder, my eyes were dazzled and my mind confused. Thereupon the old woman led me forward and seated me on a chair of sandalwood placed before the Princess's throne.

The old woman then took her seat upon the step of the throne, and at the same moment a voice as sweet as honey and clear as a bird's issued from beneath the canopy.

"O my nurse," said the Princess, for it was she, "relate to this King's son, the story of my life, for it is wonderful!"

Thereupon the old woman began thus:—

The Treasure Chamber

KNOW, O King's son, that the Sultan of this country was very powerful, and had seven daughters. One day he held a feast and the seven daughters stood before him in sumptuous attire.

"He looked toward his daughters, and said, 'If your father had not been a Sultan, and ye had been born in the house of a poor man, who then would have called you Princesses? Therefore all your good fortune cometh from me, and ye should be filled with humility and gratitude toward me.'

"Six of his daughters, being of one mind, made answer thus, 'O our father, what thou sayest is true, all the happiness in our lives is due to thee alone!'.

"But the youngest stood with downcast eyes, and did not speak.

"The Sultan then looked toward her, and said, 'What, O my daughter, hast thou nothing to say, after all the benefits I have conferred upon thee?'

"'If my lord will permit his child to speak the truth,' replied the Princess, 'I will unfold the thoughts of my heart.'

"'Speak!' said the Sultan, 'whatever thou hast to say.'

"'O my father,' said the Princess, 'the voice of truth is bitter! The King of Kings, who hath made thee Sultan, hath also made me a Princess. Thou art my sovereign, and my benefactor, but all the good that cometh into the life of every man is from Allah the High, the Great!'

"At this the Sultan was filled with rage. 'What!' exclaimed he, 'shall such big words come from a small mouth! Let this be the punishment for thy presumption and ingratitude! All thy gold and jewels shall be taken from thee, and mean garments shall be put upon thee, and thou shalt be thrust out into the wilderness, where no human trace is to be found! And soon thou shalt see what will befall thee, when thou art removed from the beneficent protection of the Sultan thy father!'

"The Sultan, having thus spoken, motioned to his

chamberlains, who immediately led the Princess from the royal hall. They stripped her of her jewels, and clad her in mean garments, and, placing her upon a mule, carried her forth from the city. And they ceased not to proceed until they arrived at the desert, and they set her down in the midst and departed.

"As for the Princess she wandered about, not knowing whither to go, until darkness fell. She then said, 'There is no strength nor power but in Allah the High, the Great.' And she laid herself down upon the sand, and slept in peace.

"And when morning appeared she awoke, and, clapping her hands, called for her slaves. Thereupon she remembered what had occurred, and rising said her prayers. Thus she put her trust in Allah, whose name be exalted!

"In this manner she passed three days without food or drink. Her delicate frame became exhausted, and her rosy colour turned pale, and her mouth was parched with thirst.

"But on the morning of the fourth day, she perceived a Sheykh with bright eyes and red cheeks, and wrapped in a green veil, walking swiftly over the desert. And as he drew near, her heart filled with hope, and she arose and bowed before him.

"'O my sister,' said he, 'what doest thou here in

the heat of the day? Come with me, and I will refresh thee.'

"So saying, the Sheykh led her to a cave, near which was a well of springing water. He plucked some leaves from a tree, and, making a cup, gave her to drink. He then fed her with bread and dates, and she was refreshed.

"'O good man,' said the Princess, 'permit me to build on this spot a small habitation in which I may live.'

"'My sister,' he replied, 'first rest thyself, and after that dig the foundations for the walls; and I will go forth and collect reeds and clay with which to erect a hut.'

"Thereupon the Sheykh departed, and the Princess arose. She took a stick, and began to dig in the earth near the well. And, lo, when she had dug a yard in depth, she perceived a trapdoor.

"It opened with ease, and what was her amazement to behold a large treasure chamber stored with jars of yellow gold, bars of white silver, cups brimming with rubies and jacinths, and heaps of large white pearls. She was struck with wonder and delight. She then took four handfuls of the gold, and, closing the trapdoor, filled up the place with earth.

"Soon the Sheykh returned bearing an armful of reeds and a basket of clay; and the Princess, weeping

with delight, related to him all that had occurred from first to last. At this the Sheykh rejoiced exceedingly, and said: —

"'O my sister, permit me to fetch workmen, and command them to erect on this spot a magnificent palace, the like of which hath never been seen in this land!'

"'Go,' said she, 'and do all that thou desirest, and make this desert like a garden.'

"So he went forth, and returned immediately with numerous carpenters, masons, and other workmen. They proceeded to work with such wonderful rapidity that in a few hours a magnificent palace arose, with a garden like a paradise.

"Its walls were marble of dazzling whiteness; its doors of massive gold; its floors of alabaster; while rich carpets, silken curtains, gold and silver dishes, and magnificent furniture of all sorts filled the saloons. On every hand moved black and white slaves, and officers of the household. The Princess's apartment was provided with elegant garments of every kind, and with ornaments of gold set with precious stones and pearls. The spacious garden roundabout the palace was filled with playing fountains, shady walks, shrubs and flowers, and trees bearing delicious fruits.

"The Princess, rejoicing, took up her abode in the palace, but the Sheykh continued to dwell in his cave,

which was now in the midst of the garden. Each day the Princess dispensed handfuls of jewels to the poor, so that her fame soon spread abroad throughout the Kingdom of Basra. So fared it with the Princess who had been cast forth into the desert!

"As for the Sultan her father, when he heard of the magnificent palace that had sprung up in a day he marvelled much thereat, and sent messengers to inquire the name of the owner. They soon returned and said:—

"'Behold in the desert dwelleth a Princess whose beauty is greater than that of all the Princesses of earth. She doth possess magnificent furniture, gold ornaments and jewels without number. And she daily giveth handfuls of precious stones to the poor and needy.'

"The Sultan marvelled all the more, and immediately sent ambassadors to the Princess to ascertain of what country and rank she was, and to announce that on the following day he and all his Court would visit her palace.

"At this the Princess's heart leaped with joy, and she took a pen and wrote as follows:—

"'*To the Servant of Allah the Protector of the World, Prosperity and Peace!*

"'*Know, that thy visit to this humble abode will cause thy servant infinite rejoicing! How happy is the place*

where thy footsteps pass, and the inhabitants on whom thou dost cast thy shadow! Thy coming will illuminate this place like a sun. To say more is to exceed respect.'

"She sealed the letter, and gave it to the ambassadors, and, presenting them with rich gifts, dismissed them. They immediately departed and returned to the Sultan.

"The Princess then prepared a platform of sandalwood supported by one hundred thousand and five and twenty pieces of silver. She placed thereon a peacock throne, over which was spread a canopy of gold and silver brocade. She filled a hundred and one large trays with jewels, gold pieces, boxes of rare spices, and rolls of costly silks and fine muslins. And she commanded her slaves to caparison two elephants and six Arab steeds, as gifts for the Sultan.

"When the morrow was come, lo, a great dust arose that covered the face of the desert, and the Sultan and his Court appeared. The Princess advanced to meet her father, but he knew her not, for her face was covered by a veil.

"'O Sultan of the Age,' said she, 'a friendly and free and ample welcome to thee!'

"Thereupon she made her obeisance, and led him to the throne which she had prepared. He seated himself upon it, and gazed in wonder at all the magnificence around him. The Princess then bowed

before him again, and stood with arms folded humbly across her bosom.

"'O Princess,' said the Sultan, 'of what country art thou, and why hast thou taken up thine abode in this desert, instead of seeking an habitation in the city of Basra?'

"'This slave,' replied she, 'is that offender whom thou didst cast forth from thy presence with the command to live in the desert. Behold how Allah,—whose name be exalted!—hath befriended me.'

"And even as the Princess spoke, she drew from her face her veil, and when the Sultan saw his youngest daughter before him, he made haste to descend from the throne and clasp her in his arms. Then he wept aloud, and, placing her upon the throne beside him, summoned her mother and sisters. They came from the royal palace in their litters with all their attendants; and when they saw the Princess, they embraced her with love. The Sultan then seated them all around him, and they partook of the feast that had been prepared.

"The people of Basra rejoiced, the shops were closed, and the drums of joy were beaten. After this the Sultan passed a part of each year with the Princess in her palace, and the rest of the year he spent in affairs of state.

"Thus matters remained for some time, until at

"Go, O King's Son," said the sweet voice from beneath the canopy

last the King died, and the government of the Kingdom descended to the Princess; for among her family, except herself, there was none fit to rule over the people.

"Now, O King's son," continued the old woman, "thou hast heard the astonishing history of the Princess, and if thou dost intend to journey to the country of Nimroz, then depart at once. But know that many Princes and grandees have set out for that land, and have never returned."

I replied: "Verily I go at once, and will unravel this mystery, and return to Basra again. Then will I claim the hand of the Princess, as she hath promised."

"Go, O King's son," said the sweet voice from beneath the canopy, "and may success and peace go with thee!"

Continuation of the Story of the Young Man and the Roaring Bull

AT this my heart beat with eager hope, and I took my leave, and, putting on the habit of a wandering Sheykh, I set out at once. I travelled over mountains and desert wastes, and ceased not to proceed on my way for a year's time, after which I arrived at the capital city of Nimroz.

I saw there old and young, rich and poor clad alike in black, even as the slave Barawar had related. After

some days the new moon appeared, and all the inhabitants of the city assembled upon the plain and the King and his grandees went with them.

Soon I perceived the young man on the back of the roaring bull, advancing across the plain. He was raging, and foaming at the mouth in a most dreadful manner, and he carried a naked sword in his hand, and held before him an attendant.

Although I had undergone great dangers and hardships in the journey to the country of Nimroz, in order to ascertain the cause of this mystery, yet at the sight of the young man I became motionless with astonishment. He did according to his custom, and having severed the head of the attendant from his shoulders, and broken the emerald vase, he mounted on the back of the roaring bull and rode to the place from whence he had come.

I followed the weeping inhabitants to the city, and when I was recovered from my astonishment, I repented of what I had done, and resolved to await the next new moon.

I counted the days with great impatience, and when at last the new moon appeared, the King and the inhabitants assembled once more upon the plain, and I went with them. Suddenly the young man appeared on the back of the roaring bull, and all happened as before. When he departed, however, I ran after him;

but the inhabitants laid hold of me, exclaiming: "What art thou doing? If thou art tired of life, choose a less fearful way of dying!"

I struggled to escape from their hands, but three or four men seized me, and led me back to the city. And there I remained, full of regret, until the next new moon. And when the inhabitants assembled according to their manner, I separated from them, and, going to a distance out upon the plain, hid myself behind a large tree.

The young man soon came in the usual way, and after he had done according to his custom, and was returning on the back of the bull, I left the tree and ran after him. At the sound of my footsteps he turned and, perceiving me, gave an awful cry. Then, frowning horribly, and drawing his sword, he urged the bull toward me.

I, however, was fearless, and bent down my head to receive his blow. Thereupon, in surprise, he put back his sword, and said, "O rash youth, if thou hadst tried to escape, I would have severed thy head from thy neck!"

He then drew a jewelled dagger from his sash, and threw it to me, saying, "I have no money with me, so take this, and return to thy home."

Then the young man gave another loud cry, the bull roaring beneath him, and rode away across the plain.

But I followed after, and he, turning again, perceived me, and frowned most horribly. But I did not heed him, and continued to pursue him for five miles. I then perceived a castle built entirely of rocks, and the young man rode up to its door. The door opened of itself, and the young man rode in, and it closed again as before.

I remained outside in great perplexity, and presently a black slave came forth, and said:—

"O unhappy one, come in, for thou art called. But take care, for a sharp sword hovereth above thy head! What evil Destiny hath brought thee to this place?"

"A good Destiny," I replied, "hath urged me hither." And having so said, I went into the castle without fear. The slave led me to a garden, where I saw the young man sitting alone upon a bench, with tools of a goldsmith before him. He motioned to me, and I sat down with respect.

Soon he rose up, his eyes rolling with fury, and as he did so, all the slaves ran and hid in different rooms. I hid likewise, and the young man came and fastened the locks of the doors.

He then returned to the garden, and, taking a whip, began to beat the bull so that it roared most horribly. The animal's roarings reached the room in which I was locked, and made my heart quake. Nevertheless, I burst open the lock, and, rushing into

the garden, I hid behind a tree. From there I perceived the young man beating the bull, after which he stroked the animal's neck, and kissed its muzzle, and gave it food to eat. He next went into the castle, and, unlocking the doors, said to his slaves, "Call hither the wandering Sheykh."

On hearing myself thus summoned, I rushed from behind the tree, and stood before him. He desired me to sit next him, and ordered a fine repast to be served. After we had eaten, he dismissed the slaves, and said:—

"O youth with a rash heart, tell me what great misfortune hath befallen thee, that thou seekest a dreadful death?"

I thereupon related to him all my adventures, from first to last.

On hearing my tale, he heaved a deep sigh, and said:—

Story of the Lost Fairy

HEAR, O rash youth! I, whose heart is torn in twain, am the son of the King of Nimroz. My father at my birth summoned all the astrologers of the land, and inquired of them concerning my Destiny. When they were assembled, they said: 'O King, the Prince is born under a favourable star, and he will be learned in all the sciences, and his

bravery and renown will be as great as that of Rustem and Hatim Tai. But if he see the light of the sun or moon before he is sixteen years of age, he will be afflicted with madness, and retire to the wilderness to live among animals and birds.'

"On hearing this prediction, the King my father caused a tower to be erected. Its walls were lined with felt, and were without windows, so that no ray of light might penetrate into the tower. There I was brought up, with extreme care and tenderness. I was taught all branches of science and art, and amused myself with toys and flowers, and was fed on every dainty that could be procured from the countries and islands of the world.

"On the eve of my sixteenth birthday, I was reclining upon my couch, when I perceived an astonishing flower to descend from the dome of my room. As I gazed, it increased in size, and I stretched out my hands to seize it. Immediately it eluded my grasp, and mounted again to the dome. I gazed upward, and beheld a face shining like the moon, smiling down upon me. At the same moment the dome opened, and the moonlight streamed in, and there descended into my room a jewelled throne raised on the shoulders of Fairies.

"Upon the throne was seated a Fairy of exquisite beauty, clad in white satin, and her form wrapped in

a veil of silver gauze. She held in her hand an emerald cup, which she placed at my lips. Before, however, I could drink from it, a number of Fairies flew down from the dome, and whispered in her ear.

"At their words she turned pale, and trembling said: 'O my beloved, I am the daughter of the King of the Fairies, who dwelleth in the Mountains of Kaf. Take thou this magic roll, and by its aid seek me out in the Kingdom of my father. But I must now depart, for the evil Marid Jadu pursueth me.'

"She handed me a roll, and all the Fairies ascended with the throne to the dome, where they disappeared. At the same moment a gigantic Afrite rose through the floor, and attempted to snatch the roll from me. I struck him with it, and he was immediately transformed into the roaring bull on which thou hast seen me ride.

"Since which time I have been afflicted with madness, and on every new moon I mount on the back of the bull, and ride across the plain, and do as thou hast seen. The inhabitants come forth and weep, because I am the heir to the throne, and they wish to do me honour. I cannot be released from this madness until a friend find for me my lost Fairy."

So saying the young man groaned, and was silent.

At hearing this, I wept and said, "O Prince, thou hast suffered much! Behold I make a vow to wander

forth, and not to return to the Princess of Basra until I have found thy lost Fairy."

"Therefore, O my companion," continued the first Sheykh, "I have wandered seven years from clime to clime, and have found no trace of the Fairy. And last night I ascended a mountain, and when I reached the summit, a horseman appeared at my side. He had bright eyes, and red cheeks, and was wrapped in a green veil.

"'O Prince of Persia,' said he, 'depart at once for Istambol, and meet the Prince of China. The King of that country is called Azad, and when ye three meet, ye shall all receive the desires of your hearts.'

"So I came hither, and to-morrow I will seek the presence of King Azad. Do thou, O my companion, relate to me now thy story."

Thereupon the second Sheykh began as follows:—

The Rosy Beauty and the King of the Blue Genii

KNOW, O my friend, that this poor wretch is the son of the King of China. I was brought up with delicacy and care, and was unacquainted with the grief and evil of life.

When I reached my tenth year, the King my father became ill, and knew that he must die. He then summoned my uncle, his younger brother, and said:—

"I am now leaving my wealth and my Kingdom behind. My son, who is heir to my throne, is too young to rule justly. Therefore do thou govern in his stead until he arrive at the age of discretion. When he is sixteen years old, permit him to ascend the throne, and marry him to thy daughter."

After this speech, my father died, and my uncle governed in his place. He regulated the affairs of state, and commanded me to remain in the seraglio until I should attain the age of manhood. So I was brought up delicately among the women in the royal palace.

On my sixteenth birthday, a negro slave named Mubarak, who had been my father's faithful servant, came to me and said: —

"O Prince, thou art now a man, therefore thy uncle will soon fulfil the commands of thy father, and give thee thy throne. To-day will I conduct thee to the Hall of Judgment, and thou mayst claim thy rights."

So saying, Mubarak led me into the hall and presented me before my uncle, who was seated upon the royal throne, with the grandees of the Kingdom standing about him. He listened with respect to my words, and spoke softly, and said: "O son of my brother, thou art welcome. I have consulted the astrologers and find that this year will be unpropitious for thee to

mount the throne, but next year will be propitious. Therefore return now to the seraglio, and wait in patience for twelve months." Whereupon Mubarak made his obeisance and led me away.

After three days had passed, he came to me, weeping, and said: "Know, O Prince, that all the officers and grandees of the Kingdom were rejoiced at seeing thee, for they said, 'Now the son of our King is a man, and he will rule over us!' These words have come to the ears of that wicked wretch, thy uncle, and he hath determined to slay thee."

At hearing Mubarak speak thus, I was dumbfounded with terror, and fell to the ground in a swoon. But the faithful slave revived me, and, lifting my head, said, "Have no fear! Mubarak will aid thee! While we have life, we should not despair!"

He took me tenderly by the hand, and conducted me into a closet, where the King my father often used to sit. Mubarak then moved a bench, and lifted the carpet, and began to remove the marble tiling from the floor, and, lo, soon a large window appeared.

He motioned me to look through it, and I approached in fear and trembling and did so. And behold, I saw a great apartment divided into four rooms. In every room were ten transparent vases, filled with gold pieces and suspended by chains of the same metal. On the mouth of each vase was laid

a brick of gold whereon was a monkey of ebony with jewel eyes. I counted forty of these vases in the four rooms; but I perceived that on the mouth of the fortieth vase was neither brick nor monkey.

"Mubarak," said I, "what is this place, and of what use are the figures of the monkeys?"

"O my Prince," replied he, "thy father had a friendship with Sadik, the King of the Blue Genii. Every year thy father used to visit him, taking as a gift twenty camels laden with rarities of China. He stayed a month, and then returned bringing one of these monkeys. Thus he did for thirty-nine years.

"One day I said to him, 'O King of the age, each year thou dost carry to the King of the Blue Genii rarities worth a thousand pieces of gold, and thou bringest back with thee only the figure of a monkey! What is the advantage of such an exchange?'

"'Hear, O Mubarak,' replied thy father, 'and do not divulge the secret to any one. Each monkey is a Talisman, and is obeyed by a thousand Marids. But until I gain the full forty monkeys, I cannot command the Marids.' Soon after this thy father died without completing the number.

"So, O Prince," continued Mubarak to me, "one monkey remaineth to be obtained. Then, by the help of the Marids, thou mayest overcome thy uncle,

and regain thy Kingdom and thy throne. Let us depart this night, and seek Sadik, the King of the Blue Genii, and he will aid thee for thy father's sake."

To this I was well agreed, and when midnight was come, we disguised ourselves, and stole out of the royal palace unobserved. We proceeded northward, and travelled night and day for the period of a month. At last we reached a broad plain in which was no sign of habitation.

"O Prince," said Mubarak, "we have now attained the end of our journey. Behold the encampment of the Blue Genii!"

"But," said I with great surprise, "I see no person but thee."

Thereat Mubarak smiled, and took forth from his bosom a pot of ointment, and rubbed some of it upon my eyes. I immediately saw that we were in the midst of a vast encampment, composed of rich pavilions of every colour. At the same moment innumerable Genii in the forms of men came forward and embraced Mubarak. They then led us to the royal pavilion, and presented us before Sadik their King.

He welcomed me with kindness, and said: "O Prince, thy father was my friend, and I would serve his son as well. Know that I have an affair for thee to transact, and if thou executest it properly, I will then

give thee the figure of the fortieth monkey which will gain for thee thy throne and Kingdom."

Hearing this, I joined my hands and bowed before him, saying, "Thy servant will cheerfully perform whatever service thou dost require."

Thereupon Sadik called me close to him, and showed me a paper. "Search," said he, "and find and bring to me the Rosy Beauty whose portrait is painted hereon."

When I examined the paper, and saw the portrait, its beauty was such that my heart stood still, and I nearly fell to the floor. But I restrained myself, and answered the King, "It is well, I will take my leave, and go hastily to seek her."

So bidding farewell to the King of the Blue Genii, I left the encampment, and, accompanied by Mubarak, bent my steps toward the country of India.

For seven years I wandered from city to city, suffering dreadful misery. At last Mubarak and I reached a city, populous and large, and beheld near the gate an ancient blind beggar asking alms. As no one gave him even a copper coin, I pitied him and presented him with a piece of gold.

Thereupon the old man blessed me, and said, "Perhaps thou art a stranger, and not an inhabitant of this city?"

"I am a stranger," said I, "and a traveller who for

seven years hath vainly sought for a much-desired object!"

"My house is poor," said he, "and I have little to eat, but such as it is, is thine if thou dost desire to partake of it."

On this I thanked the old man, and followed him through the streets. At length we arrived before a mansion that from neglect was falling down, and which stood in the midst of a ruined garden.

"This mansion," thought I to myself, "was once fit for a grandee! How cometh it, then, that it is the abode of this poor old man?"

We entered a dark passage, and the old man felt his way with his stick, and I heard a sweet voice saying: "O my father, is all well to-day? Why art thou returned so early?"

"O my daughter," answered he, "a compassionate traveller hath presented me with a piece of gold, and I have brought him here to partake of our food, such as it is!"

As he spoke, he led me into a room lighted by a single candle, and, lo, standing there I perceived before me the Rosy Beauty, whose portrait was painted upon the paper given me by the King of the Blue Genii. I was overwhelmed at the sight, but, collecting myself, sat down upon some cushions, and permitted the damsel to wait upon me. This she did with

such grace and sweetness that she drew sighs from my bosom. The old man, hearing me sighing thus, said: —

"O stranger, relate to us the cause of all thy sorrow and wandering during seven years."

Thereupon I told them all that had happened to me from first to last.

The old man then said: "Know, O my friend, that what thou dost relate is extraordinary, wonderful! And it hath all befallen thee because of my daughter! For this Rosy Beauty is my child, and on her account I, too, have suffered much. So hear my wretched tale: —

"I am a grandee of this Kingdom, but ruin hath befallen me. The beauty and elegance of my daughter was celebrated throughout the country of India. The son of the King of this city heard her praise, and loved her without seeing her. He no longer ate, or drank, and became melancholy.

"The King his father, learning the cause of his despair, commanded me to marry my daughter to his son. My daughter wept and tore her hair, but the preparations for the marriage were completed. When the servants of the King came to take away the bride, to escort her to the royal palace, invisible hands showered them with stones and rocks, so that they fled for their lives.

"The King, in anger, ordered fifty of his soldiers to proceed to my house, and put me to death, seize the bride, and confiscate my property. They endeavoured to do so, but when they approached the house, the same invisible hands attacked them so fiercely that they also were forced to flee.

"Since that day no inhabitant of this city may come near my house without being assaulted. So we have lived here, and all our friends have forsaken us, and our gold is gone, and our house fallen into ruins.

"This, then, is my wretched story, and as for my daughter, if she will go with thee, perhaps the King of the Blue Genii may take pity upon us, and remove from us the cause of our woe."

When the Rosy Beauty heard the story of her father, she bowed before me, and said: "O King's son, I will go with thee, and entreat the King of the Blue Genii to release us from this enchantment."

She then left us for the night, and we lay down upon our couches, and slept until day dawned. But, alas! when we woke, we found that the old man had died in the night. His daughter and I mourned for him, and Mubarak buried him in the garden.

So we took the damsel with us, and departed. We pursued our journey for many weeks, over mountain and valley and desert waste, until we were within a

night's journey of the encampment of the Blue Genii. Then we heard loud noises, and Mubarak said, "Behold the troops of the Genii surround us!" But I saw nothing at all.

At the thought of separation from the Rosy Beauty my heart almost broke. And she, seeing my sorrow, said to me: "Alas, soon we must part! After all the toil and suffering thou hast endured for my sake, my soul inclineth to thee!" Thereat we both spent the night in weeping.

Meanwhile Mubarak awoke, and, seeing our excessive grief, he said to me: "Be comforted, Mubarak will aid thee! I have with me a box of ointment, the perfume of which the King of the Blue Genii cannot endure. I will anoint the damsel with this, and he will perhaps abandon her to thee."

At this we rejoiced greatly and dried our eyes, and Mubarak arose and anointed the Rosy Beauty with the ointment. Scarcely had he done so when King Sadik appeared, and claimed the damsel. He approached to take her away, but before he could do so, he smelt the powerful perfume of the ointment.

At this he was enraged, and his eyes rolled, and, drawing his sword, he rushed upon me. Perceiving by his looks that he intended to slay me, I drew forth my dagger, and plunged it into his body.

What was my astonishment to see him roll on the

ground in the form of a huge ball. He then flew up into the sky, and ascended to such a height that he disappeared. The moment after, flashing like lightning, he descended and gave me such a blow that I became dizzy and swooned away.

When I recovered my senses, I opened my eyes and saw that I was lying in a vast wilderness, among thorns and briars. I arose and wandered about, and of every one whom I met, I inquired, "Where is Sadik, the King of the Blue Genii? He hath stolen my Rosy Beauty!" But no one answered me, for all thought I was mad.

Thus I have wandered for five years. Last night I climbed to the top of a high mountain, intending to cast myself down from it. At the same moment a horseman appeared at my side, wrapped in a green veil, and having bright eyes, and red cheeks.

"O Prince of China," said he, "the days of thy unhappiness are nearly over. Go at once to the city of Istambol and meet there the Prince of Persia and Azad, King of that country. And the wishes of all three will be fulfilled in the same place."

So I hastened and came hither, where I have met thee, O Prince of Persia, according to the saying of the horseman in the green veil. This, then, is my unhappy story.

When the second Sheykh had finished the relation of his adventures, the morning began to appear. Thereupon King Azad arose from beneath the tree, and, without discovering himself to the Sheykhs, returned to the city. He entered his palace, and, removing his mean garments, clad himself once more in royal robes. He then went to the Judgment Hall, and sat down upon the throne. He summoned his Vizier, officers, and grandees, and made his chamberlains go forth and fetch the two Sheykhs.

The chamberlains did so, and presented them before the King. And when the Sheykhs saw the royal state of King Azad, and the executioner standing behind his throne, they knew not what to think, and were filled with fear.

Seeing this, the King commanded them both to sit down, and said, "Know, O Princes, that last night when ye were relating your histories, I was present."

At hearing this, the two Sheykhs turned pale, and trembled, and hung down their heads in silence. But King Azad said: "O ye sons of Kings, fear not, nor tremble! Know that there is no person in this world to whom a wonderful incident hath not happened. Though I am a King, yet have I seen strange sights. Hear now my surprising tale."

The Story of the Vizier's Daughter and the Twelve Rubies

WHEN the King my father died, and I ascended the throne, I was a mere youth. It happened one year that a merchant of Khurasan came to this city, and brought with him rare merchandise of his land. I sent for him, and he bowed before me, and presented me with many rarities, and among them a ruby in a golden box. The jewel was wonderful to behold, for it was as large as a pigeon's egg, and of a fine shape and very brilliant. Though I was a King, I had never seen such a large precious stone.

I accepted it, and made the merchant many rich presents, and gave him a letter sealed with my ring, in which I commanded all my subjects throughout the Kingdom to treat him with kindness. After which he departed.

I used to send daily for this ruby, and amuse myself by looking at it while I sat upon my throne. One day, when I was surrounded by the officers of my Kingdom, and the ambassadors from other lands stood before me, I sent for the ruby according to my custom. The treasurer brought it, and I took it in my hand, and, praising it, gave it into the hand of the ambassador of the Franks. He seeing it, smiled, and said, "O King of the age, thy good Destiny hath pro-

cured for thee this stone, for surely no other King of earth hath its equal!"

Hearing this, my father's Vizier, who was old and wise, approached the throne, and bowed himself. "If my lord," said he, "will grant me my life, I wish to impart to him a bitter truth!"

"Speak," said I, "and make known the truth."

"Know," said he, "that it doth not become a mighty King to so value a bit of stone, although it is precious, and of a large size and beautiful colour. The ambassadors of other lands, who are here present, will return to their Sultans, and say, 'As for the King of Istambol, he is a strange man, for he hath got a ruby from somewhere, and each day he sendeth for it, and first praiseth it himself, and then showeth it to all present.' And the Sultans will certainly laugh.

"And I would have my lord the King know, also, that there is a poor merchant in Khurasan, who hath twelve rubies, each the size of a hen's egg, sewn in a collar, which he hath put around the neck of a dog."

On hearing the words of my Vizier, I was filled with fury at his imprudence in uttering them in the presence of my Court. I made a sign toward my guard, and they seized the Vizier and were about to lead him forth to the place of execution.

Thereat the ambassador of the Franks joined his

hands in humble supplication, and stood before my throne.

"O King of the age," said he, "may I know the Vizier's fault?"

I answered, "What can be a greater fault than to lie in the presence of the King?"

"But," replied he, "thou hast not yet ascertained whether he hath told a falsehood! Perhaps what he hath said is true. To put an innocent person to death is not right!"

"Verily," said I, "I can never believe that a merchant, who wandereth from country to country and from city to city, hath sewn twelve rubies, each as large as a hen's egg, into the collar of his dog."

The ambassador answered: "Nothing is surprising! Perhaps it is the case, for merchants going from country to country often secure great rarities. Let the Vizier be imprisoned, and do thou send and find whether his words be falsehood or truth! The services and fidelity of a whole life should not be forgotten!"

Though I desired to punish the Vizier with death, yet the ambassador of the Franks gave such wise replies that I could not answer him. So I said, "Verily, he shall be imprisoned for the space of a year, and if at the end of that period his words be proven true, he shall be released, but if his words are false, he shall be put to death with torments."

Accordingly I commanded that the Vizier should be bound with chains, and placed in the prison; and it was done.

The Dog-Worshipper

WHEN this news reached the wife of the Vizier, weeping and lamentation took place, and all was mourning.

Now, the Vizier had a daughter, fifteen years of age, who was beautiful and intelligent. He loved her with all tenderness, and had erected for her a magnificent apartment, where she lived with her companions, the daughters of grandees. It happened on the day when the Vizier was sent to prison that she was sitting with them, and they were making a feast for their dolls. Music was sounding, and sweetmeats were prepared, and the feast was spread by the side of the fountain.

Thereupon the Vizier's wife rushed suddenly in, weeping and lamenting, and tearing her hair.

"Alas!" cried she, "better were it for me if thou wert a blind son, instead of only a daughter! He at least would be a comfort to thy father!"

"O my mother," replied the Vizier's daughter, "of what use would a blind son be to thee? What he could do, that I might do also."

"O unfortunate wretch," said her mother, "know

that a great calamity hath befallen thy father, for he hath been confined in prison."

"And why," asked the Vizier's daughter, "hath he been imprisoned?"

"Because," said her mother, "he hath told the King that a merchant in Khurasan hath sewn twelve rare rubies into a dog's collar. The King believeth him not, and hath imprisoned him for one year. At the end of which period, if his words be not proven true, the King will put him to death with torments!

"Now, if thy father had a son — even a blind son — he would assist him, and beseech the King's pardon!"

At these words the Vizier's daughter comforted her mother, and bade her be hopeful, so that the woman became patient, and returned in silence to her apartment.

As for the Vizier's daughter, when night was come, she sent for the steward of the house, and falling at his feet weeping, she said: "I have formed a plan to release my father, and only thou canst afford me assistance. I will set out in disguise for Khurasan, and see the merchant who hath such large rubies sewn in his dog's collar. Make, therefore preparations secretly for my journey, for I would go as a young merchant. Load me some camels with merchandise, and procure for me a disguise."

The steward made haste, and loaded some camels,

and procured the habit of a young merchant, and made all ready. The Vizier's daughter put on the habit, and mounting a mule, took with her the steward, and departed in secret. When morning was come, the Vizier's daughter had disappeared and no one knew whither she was gone.

She, however, in the guise of a young merchant, journeyed night and day, until at last she arrived at the principal city of Khurasan, where she put up at the khan.

She then left her goods with the steward and went forth to the market, where four streets crossed each other. She perceived on one of the streets a jeweller's shop, in which were displayed great quantities of precious stones, together with gold and silver ornaments without number. In the door of the shop sat an elegant man, surrounded by slaves magnificently clad. Many merchants were with him, seated on stools, and conversing one with the other.

The Vizier's daughter rejoiced at this sight, and thought to herself, "Surely this is the merchant of whom my father spoke." And as she thought thus she beheld, in the shop next to the jeweller's, a room in which two iron cages were suspended. In each cage was a man, all skin and bones, with his hair long and uncombed, and his nails like claws; and he sat crouched down with his head upon his breast. Two

ugly negroes, completely armed, were standing one by each cage.

Struck with amazement, the Vizier's daughter turned her eyes away, and saw, on the other side of the jeweller's shop, another room, in which a silken carpet was spread. An ivory stool was placed thereon, with a velvet cushion, and on it a dog was lying chained by a golden chain. And, lo, around his neck was a collar set with twelve large and brilliant rubies! Two handsome slaves waited upon the dog. One was shaking above his head a peacock fan with a golden handle set with precious stones, while the other slave held an embroidered handkerchief with which he wiped the dog's mouth and feet.

At this sight the Vizier's daughter could scarcely restrain her joy. "I must," thought she, "devise some means whereby I may show the twelve rubies to my lord the King!"

She was plunged in these thoughts, and the passers by, seeing her youth and beauty, stopped and gazed upon her with admiration. And they said to each other, "Never have we seen before to-day a youth so lovely and charming!"

The jewel merchant beheld her also, and sent a slave to address her.

"O young man," said the slave, "my master the Khoja of the jewel-market, wisheth to see and wel-

come thee. Be so kind, therefore, as to enter his shop and partake of his refreshments."

Immediately the Vizier's daughter advanced toward the shop, and the Khoja rose up to meet her. He kissed her upon the forehead, and made her sit down beside him, and asked whence she came, and whither she was going.

"I come," said she, "from Istambol, and have an affair to conduct in this city. I hope to complete it shortly, and then I shall at once return to my home."

"O my son," said the Khoja, "give me not such bad news! Stay with me for some days! Tell me where thou hast left thy slaves and thy merchandise, and permit me to have them conveyed to my home. I will give thee a house, and provide thee with a shop, so that thou mayest live in this city, and buy and sell."

The Khoja then, without waiting for the consent of the Vizier's daughter, ordered his slaves to go to the khan, and fetch her goods. They did so, and conveyed them together with the steward, to the Khoja's mansion.

As night was approaching, the Khoja closed his shop, and conducted the Vizier's daughter to his house. At the same time, one of the two handsome slaves took the dog under his arm while the other slave lifted up the ivory stool and carpet. The armed

negroes placed the two cages upon their heads. And all followed the Khoja home.

They entered the mansion, and the Vizier's daughter perceived it to be spacious and magnificently furnished. A carpet was spread by the side of the fountain in the court, and a delicious repast was laid out. The two slaves placed the stool on the carpet, and the dog thereon, while the negroes hung the cages containing the men, upon the wall.

The Khoja then seated the Vizier's daughter beside him; but before they ate, he filled a golden platter with roast meats and the most delicate viands. This the slaves carried to the dog, and, spreading an embroidered napkin, laid the platter before him. The dog descended from his stool, and ate as much as he liked, and drank water from a golden bowl. After which he returned to his stool, and one of the slaves wiped his mouth and his feet with the napkin.

Thereupon the two negroes took the men from the cages, and, giving them many blows with whips, made them eat what the dog had left in the platter. At this sight the Vizier's daughter was filled with indignation and said:—

"O evil man! Why dost thou so cruelly treat these men, and make them eat from the platter of an impure dog? Is it not enough that these miserable creatures are thy prisoners, but that thou must beat

them like brutes? Verily, thou art a dog-worshipper! Until these doubts are removed from my mind, I will not eat with thee."

At this the Khoja sighed and answered: "Alas! O my son, the inhabitants of this city believe me to be a dog-worshipper, and call me so, and even force me to pay double taxes, such as idolators pay. But no one knoweth the secret motive of my conduct; the relation of which is too grievous! I have not strength of mind or composure enough, to tell my sad history, and that of these two men and the dog. Nevertheless, know that I am no dog-worshipper, nor idolator, but a follower of Allah, the High, the Great."

This removed the doubts of the Vizier's daughter, and satisfied her mind, and she partook of the food. After which she abode with the Khoja for the space of two months, and bought and sold in the market.

One day, in the midst of a feast, the Vizier's daughter began to weep, and seeing it, the Khoja comforted her, and wiped away her tears.

"O my father," said she, "what shall I say? If I had not met thee and experienced thy kindness, I should not now be weeping! I am cruelly distressed, for I must return at once to my land and my kindred. But at the thought of separation from thee, I have no hopes of life!"

On hearing these words, the Khoja wept loudly, and

exclaimed: "O light of my eyes! Art thou so soon tired of thy friend, that thou desirest to leave him? Banish from thy heart the wish to go, and as long as I live, remain here. I shall not exist a day in thine absence!

"The climate of Khurasan is very fine, and this city wealthy. Let me send a messenger to thy parents, to bring them and their property hither. I have no son, and I love thee more than son, and will make thee heir of all I possess."

"Verily," replied the Vizier's daughter, "thou hast been more than a father to me! But know that this unhappy one's father is in extreme old age, and will die a fearful death if I return not to him. Therefore I must depart."

"Then," said the Khoja, "if thou wilt not abide here with me, I will go with thee; for I love thee dearer than my life."

So saying he arose, and prepared for the journey. He took all his gold and jewels to a great amount, together with rich rarities and many servants and slaves. He loaded his camels, and, going forth from the city, pitched his tents outside the gate.

And when the merchants of the city heard of his departure, they likewise took their goods and servants, and joined the Khoja, so that the caravan resembled an army. And the march began; first came

five hundred brave Tartar and African slaves, armed and well mounted, to accompany the caravan. After them followed a thousand camels laden with jewels and every sort of rare merchandise, and these were accompanied by the merchants of the city. In the rear of the caravan rode the Khoja and the Vizier's daughter, each carried in a magnificent litter. Near them in another litter lashed to the back of a camel, reposed the dog upon a velvet cushion, and attended by his slaves; while the two cages containing the men, were slung across the back of a mule.

They travelled night and day, over desert and plain, until they approached Istambol, and thereupon the caravan encamped outside the city. The Khoja also pitched his tents, and he and the Vizier's daughter sat down to eat.

It happened, O Sheykhs, continued King Azad, that one of my chamberlains passed that way, and, seeing the encampment, was astonished. He saw also the Khoja, and the Vizier's daughter dressed like the son of a merchant, sitting in state, and waited on by a hundred black slaves. And near them he perceived the dog upon his stool, and the two men in their cages. He hastened to return to the royal palace, and he related to me the strange sight.

Hearing of the dog's state, and of the two poor wretches, I exclaimed: "This wicked merchant doth

not deserve to live! Go immediately and bring me his head!"

At this the ambassador of the Franks, who stood before my throne, smiled, and I became angry, and said, "O disrespectful man, wherefore dost thou grin and show thy teeth in the presence of the King?"

"O King of the age," the ambassador replied, "know that certain thoughts crossed my mind, whereat I smiled! The first was, the Vizier spoke the truth, and will now be released, and thy soul O King, will not be stained with his blood! The second was, that thou hast commanded this merchant to be put to death, without cause or crime, and without making inquiry. Call, therefore, this merchant before thee, and ask him his story."

When the ambassador thus spoke, I also remembered what the Vizier had said, and commanded that the merchant, his son, his dog, and the cages should be immediately brought before me.

The guard went forth, and soon returned, and brought them all into the Judgment Hall. They set the cages and the dog before me, and the Khoja and the young merchant drew near to the throne. All present were astonished at the beauty and delicacy of the young man and his elegant attire. He brought in his hand a golden tray whereon were heaps of precious stones, which illuminated the hall. He laid it

before the throne, and, making his obeisance, stood in silence.

The Khoja also kissed the ground before me, seeing which, I exclaimed: "O Eblis in human form! What diabolic net hast thou spread for human beings! What is thy belief, and what idol dost thou worship?"

"O mighty King," replied the Khoja, "know that I worship no idol, but because of my dog, I am called an idolator, and pay double taxes. But there is a reason, which I cannot disclose, why I act thus, and am called a dog-worshipper."

On hearing these excuses, my heart was inflamed with anger. "O wicked man!" said I, "thou art beguiling me with words. Relate to me the cause of thy vile actions, or I will order thee to be put to the most cruel of deaths."

Thereupon the Khoja replied: "O King, do not spill the blood of this unfortunate wretch! But take instead all my wealth, and release me and this my son."

Thereat I smiled, and said: "O fool! dost thou wish to bribe me with thy wealth? Thou canst not be saved, unless thou speak the truth."

At these words tears streamed from the Khoja's eyes, and, approaching nearer to the throne, he kissed the carpet, and said:—

"O mighty King, if thou hadst not ordered me to be put to death, I would have borne every torture, and would not have disclosed my story. But life is sweet, and if thou art determined to hear the events of my past, first command these two men to be taken from the cages, and placed before me."

And, after the two men were taken from their cages, and made to stand before the Khoja, he began thus :—

The Faithful Beast

KNOW, O King, that the man who standeth on the right is my eldest brother, and he who standeth on the left is my second brother. I am younger than they.

"My father was a merchant in Persia; and when I had attained the age of fourteen, he died. After the days of mourning were over, my brothers said to me one day, 'Come, let us divide our father's wealth, and separate, and each do with his share what best pleaseth him.'

"I said: 'O my brothers, I am young, and our father is dead, and ye stand in the place to me of a father. I am a boy, and have not yet learned enough. What am I able to do? Educate me, that is all I wish. Let me remain with you and wait upon you. A dry loaf is all I shall need!'

"On hearing this, they replied, 'Thou wishest to ruin us, and make beggars of us like thyself!'

"Thereupon I retired to a corner and wept with grief. In the morning my brothers conducted me to the Cadi, and I repeated to him what I had said to them. They then said to the Cadi, 'If he is sincere in what he saith, let him sign a paper giving us his share of our father's wealth.'

"I said to myself: 'Verily, they are my elders, and will do me good! If I get my share of the property I may spend it, but if I have an education I can become a successful merchant.' So I signed the paper, and we returned to our house.

"The second day after this, my brothers said to me: 'We wish the room in which thou sleepest. Hire another place of residence, and go and stay there.'

"It was then I perceived that they did not wish me even to remain in my father's house!

"I had no remedy, and determined to leave. I placed my garments in a bundle, together with a number of rarities which my father had given me. I went forth from the house, and, selling my rarities, received for them a considerable sum of money.

"I bought a small house, and resided there, and this dog followed me thither. I purchased household furniture, and bought two slaves to attend me. I then opened a shop for the sale of garments, and sat down

quietly in it, with a thankful heart. I was content with my Destiny, though my brothers had behaved unkindly to me.

"In three years' time my shop became famous, and whatever handsome garments were ordered by the families of grandees came from me. I amassed much money, and lived at ease.

"It happened one Friday, as I was sitting at home, that a slave of mine returned from the market-place in tears. 'Why,' asked I, 'art thou grieving? Tell me the cause, that I may relieve thy sorrow?'

"Whereat he said: 'What is it to thee! Thou dost enjoy thyself, but thy poor brothers are being beaten for debt in the market-place!'

"On hearing this, my blood boiled with rage, and, ordering my slaves to hasten with some gold, I ran to the market-place. I beheld there my brothers, with their arms tied behind their backs, being whipped with rods; while their creditor stood by, saying, 'Pay me my gold, or ye shall be beaten to death!'

"I paid the creditor in full, and brought my brothers to my house, where I had them bathed, and dressed, and fed. And I never asked them what they had done with my father's wealth, lest they should be ashamed.

"What I say is truth, O King Azad! Ask them if I have lied in aught."

Thereat the two brothers hung their heads with shame.

"Well, after some days," continued the Khoja, "when they had recovered from their beating, I said to them thus, 'O my brothers, ye have lost your good name in this city, and it is better for you to travel to other parts, and trade there until this matter be effaced from the memories of all.'

"So I purchased for them a large amount of merchandise, and they joined a caravan, and departed. After a year the caravan returned, but I heard no tidings of my brothers. At last I went to the leader of the caravan, and asked him what had befallen them. And he answered, and said:—

"'One of thy brothers hath lost all his goods at a gambling-house, and he is now a sweeper in the same house, and waiteth upon the gamblers who assemble there. Thine other brother, likewise, hath become poor, and is now a porter. They are both in the city of Bukhara.'

"On hearing this, I was in a sad state, and hunger and sleep vanished through grief. I took some money in my purse, and immediately set off alone for the city of Bukhara. On arriving there, I searched for my brothers, and, finding them, led them to the khan. There I had them bathed, and clothed in new gar-

ments; and, lest thy should be ashamed, I did not mention to them the past.

"I again purchased merchandise, suitable for a sea-voyage, and, taking my brothers, embarked in a large ship. We weighed the anchor, and the ship set sail. This dog was sleeping upon the bank of the river, and when he awoke and saw the ship far from land, he barked, and, jumping into the water, swam to the ship. And the sailors brought the faithful animal safely on board.

"After we had been voyaging for one month, my brothers consulted together and determined to destroy me, and seize all my property and goods.

"One night I was sleeping in my cabin, and my second brother entered hastily, and awoke me. 'Come,' said he, 'we desire to show thee an amazing sight!'

"I rose in haste, and ran out upon the deck, and this dog followed me. My eldest brother was leaning against the side of the ship, and gazing into the water. He made a sign to me, and I also looked into the waves.

"'Behold,' said he, 'mermen are dancing in the water, bearing branches of coral to which are attached pearl oysters and scarlet shells!' Hearing this, I was filled with curiosity, and leaned over the ship's side. He then gave me such a blow that I fell into the foaming waves. Whereupon both of my brothers be-

gan to run about the deck, shouting, 'Alas! our brother! He is drowned!'

"In the meantime the ship went on, and the waves carried me far away. I was sinking fast, when my hand touched something, and I grasped it with all my might. I then perceived that it was the tail of this dog, who was swimming by my side. He kept on swimming, and pulled me along, and in this manner we passed seven days and nights.

"On the eighth day we reached the shore. I had no sense left, and, throwing myself upon the sand, I remained unconscious that day. When the next morning was come, I came to myself and heard the barking of this dog. I rose up, and walked until evening when I approached a city large and inhabited.

"I entered and passed through the streets, and came to the market-place, where I saw the shops of the bakers and confectioners. I was extremely hungry, and my soul was fainting within me, and at that moment I perceived two young men walking arm in arm, and richly clad. I was about to ask them for alms, when, lo, I saw that they were my two brothers!

"At the same moment they knew me, and my second brother struck me such a blow that I staggered and fell, while the other kicked and cursed me. At that all present in the market-place ran toward us, and my brothers said, 'This rascal was our younger

brother's servant, and he pushed our poor brother overboard, and stole his goods.' They then tore their clothes, and wept loudly, and beat and kicked me cruelly.

"In the meantime the soldiers of the Governor arrived, and, seizing me, led me to the Judge. And my brothers told him their lying tale. He then condemned me to be cast alive into a pit, and to be left there to die.

"Now, this pit was an ancient well, dark and narrow, dug by Afrites in the time of Solomon, the son of David, on both of whom be peace! The soldiers carried me thither, and lowered me into the well. Except this dog I had no one to weep for me, and his state of despair was such that he rolled on the feet of the soldiers, and barked and howled. They tried to beat him off with sticks, but he would not leave the place. So they left him there, and returned to the city.

"I lay for some time senseless, and after a while I heard some one moving about. 'Who art thou?' I exclaimed. 'If thou art a human being, speak!'

"At that, I heard two men laugh, and one said, 'This is the prison of Solomon, and we are prisoners!' And even as they spoke, some person came to the mouth of the well, and let down a jar of water and a loaf, and the two men near me seized them, and ate and drank.

"Now, my little dog, who was standing beside the mouth of the well, saw this done; and he immediately ran back to the city. He beheld in the marketplace, some round cakes of bread piled in a baker's shop, and, leaping up, he seized a cake in his mouth, and ran off with it. The people pursued him with stones, and the dogs of the street fought him, but he saved the cake, and soon left his pursuers behind. He came to the well, and threw the cake in, and barked so that I might know it was there. I took it up, and ate it, and my hunger was appeased.

"After throwing the cake into the well, the dog went to look for some water. He approached a hut, at the door of which an old woman sat spinning. She seized a stick, and arose to beat the animal, but he rubbed his mouth on her clothes, and wagged his tail, and then ran toward the mountain where was the well. He then returned, and seizing a rope and a bucket, pulled at the end of her dress.

"She was surprised at such intelligence, and picked up the bucket and rope. Thereupon the dog took hold of her dress, and drew her to a spring. She filled the bucket, and he barked with joy, and leaped around her. He then led her to the mountain, until they came to the well. She let down the bucket, and I seized it, and drank.

"In this way the dumb animal daily brought me

bread to eat and the woman gave me water to drink. And when the baker perceived that the dog came every day, he had compassion on him, and threw him each time a large cake of bread.

"One night, while the two prisoners were asleep, and my heart was heavy, I began to weep. When, lo, what did I see but a rope hanging down from the mouth of the well! I heard a low voice say, 'O unfortunate man, tie the rope to thy hands, and I will draw thee forth!'

"Thereat I trembled so much that I could hardly obey. I tied the rope around my waist, and some one pulled me forth. I then saw my deliverer by the light of the moon. He had bright eyes, and was wrapped in a green veil; and I beheld near him a horse.

"'O young man,' said he, 'mount this horse, and flee for thy life.'

"With my heart full of thanks, I mounted the horse, and it ran like the wind. And this dog followed me. Soon we had left that land far behind, and when morning dawned, I found myself near a large and fine city.

"I descended from the horse, and it immediately turned and ran back by the way it had come. I then entered the gate, and the guards met me, and took me to their King. He was well pleased with me, and

showered favours upon me, and made me an officer of his Court.

"I accumulated wealth, and passed my life in extreme delight. At the end of two years a caravan arrived, and I saw among the slaves of the merchants two poor men. They were thin and ragged, and in a miserable condition. I looked at them with great attention, and perceived that they were my brothers.

"Thereupon my heart was filled with pity and shame for their condition, and I caused them to be brought to my house, and clothed and fed. After which I gave them each a purse of gold. But the wicked wretches again conspired to slay me.

"One night, when I was asleep, they entered my apartment, and drew their swords to kill me; when this dog, who lay sleeping near me, awoke and began to bark. He then flew at them, and held them by their clothes, and the guard rushed in and seized them. At the same moment the young man with bright eyes, who had delivered me from the well, appeared before me.

"'Behold,' said he, 'I am thy guardian Genie, Ali of the Green Veil. Do thou reward this faithful animal by the most tender care, and place around his neck this collar containing twelve rare rubies. As for thy two brothers, they shall henceforth be confined in

two cages, and fed from the platter of this dog; and nightly they shall receive a beating. Such shall be their punishment until they have learned that an ungrateful man is worse than a faithful beast!'

"And as the Genie spoke thus, these two negroes entered the room bearing the cages upon their heads. They placed my brothers in them, and ever since have been their attendants.

"I then took this faithful dog, and all my jewels and wealth, and journeyed to the chief city of Khurasan. There I opened a shop in the jewel-market, and amassed great wealth.

Hence I am called the dog-worshipper, and am forced to pay double taxes.

"Such, O King Azad," added the Khoja, "is my extraordinary story! Now, thou mayest either put me to death, or spare my life, according to thy royal pleasure."

Hearing this, O Sheykhs, continued King Azad, I was enraged at the two brothers, and delighted with the faithful dog. I caused a robe of honour to be brought for the Khoja, and a gift for the young merchant, and I commanded the wicked brothers to be put back into the cages, and to be kept there.

I then asked the Khoja, "Is this thy son?"

And he replied: "O mighty King, he is not my son,

but an inhabitant of thy city Istambol. Nevertheless, I am about to make him the heir to all my wealth."

I then said to the young merchant, "O Youth, who art thou, and who are thy parents?"

Thereupon the young merchant fell down before the throne. "This slave," said he, "is the daughter of thy Vizier! My father was imprisoned on account of the Khoja's rubies. And thy servant in this disguise went to Khurasan to save him! Now that thou hast seen the dog with the rubies, and hast heard the Khoja's story, I beseech thee, release my father, and restore him to thy favour!"

On hearing this the Khoja gave a groan, and fell down in a swoon. When he had recovered his senses, he slapped his face and tore his hair.

"Alas!" cried he; "O dire mishap! I thought to make this young merchant my son and heir! But all my hopes are perished, for he is only a damsel!"

Seeing his grief, O Sheykhs, I pitied the Khoja, and said, "Do not grieve. I will marry her to thee!"

At this be became a little comforted, and composed. I then commanded my chamberlains to release the Vizier, and array him in robes of honour. When the Vizier entered the Judgment Hall, I descended from my throne and embraced him.

On the following day a feast was prepared, and I married the Vizier's daughter to the Khoja, and conferred upon him titles and honours.

Such, O Sheykhs, was the strange thing that happened to me in my younger days.

The Prince Baktiyar

And King Azad ceased speaking, and immediately a commotion sounded in the palace, and a eunuch came running from the royal seraglio. He cast himself down before the throne, crying, "O King of the age, may thy glory increase! This moment a Prince is born to be thine heir, before whose beauty the sun and the moon are abashed!"

At this the King nearly expired with joy; and he summoned his Vizier Kiradmand. He commanded that a great feast should be held, the drums beaten, the city decorated, and the purses of the poor filled with gold, and that the prisoners should be released and those condemned to execution should be pardoned. The whole city rejoiced, and the King with them. And they named the Prince, Baktiyar.

In the midst of this happiness the sounds of weeping and lamentation issued from the seraglio, and the eunuchs came forth crying: "Alas! Alas! When the nurses were bathing the Prince Baktiyar, a cloud descended from the ceiling. The nurses became sense-

less, and when they recovered, they found that the Prince was gone!"

The King was thunderstruck at this dreadful calamity, and the whole country mourned. For two days no one ate or slept, but grieved for the Prince. But, lo, on the third day, the same cloud appeared, and a cradle set with jewels, with a covering of pearls, descended from the ceiling. And the nurses saw therein the Prince playing with golden toys.

They told King Azad, and he made haste to enter the seraglio. He perceived the Prince laughing and kicking in his cradle. He was clad in a robe of fine muslin and pearls, and wore around his neck a necklace of gold inlaid with precious stones. Thereupon the King and all his people were transported with joy.

And so it happened on the first day of each new moon, the cloud came, and carried away the Prince. And on the third day after the cradle filled with rarities descended from the ceiling. So matters continued for three months.

At the end of that time the King made a feast, and summoned the two royal Sheykhs. They passed the night in merriment and song, until the hour of midnight approached. Then suddenly they perceived a turquoise throne descending from the dome; and thereon were inscribed in letters of gold, these words:—

O King Azad, fear not, but mount this throne!

The King wondered much thereat, but, taking the Sheykhs, he mounted the throne. Immediately it began to ascend, and, passing through the dome, soared, as if on wings, through the air. And it continued to fly, until at last it descended on to a plain.

Thereupon an invisible hand put ointment upon the eyes of the King and the Sheykhs, and, lo, they saw that they were in a vast assembly of Genii, standing in double rows. The King then advanced between the rows, and approached a throne whereon sat Sadik, the King of the Blue Genii. And near the throne, he beheld the Prince Baktiyar playing with a little Princess.

The King of the Blue Genii, descending from his throne, embraced King Azad and the Sheykhs. He then seated them beside him, and requested them to relate the stories of their lives: and they did. After which King Sadik said: —

"Know, O my friends, that three months ago there was born to me a lovely daughter, whom I resolved to marry to one of the Princes of earth. I therefore ordered my Afrites to search the four corners of the earth, and bring to me a boy who was born at the same moment as was my daughter. The Afrites flew immediately to the four corners of the earth, and fetched hither the young Prince Baktiyar.

"I took the boy on my lap, and loved him as ten-

derly as I did my daughter. I presented him with golden toys and the third day, returned him to his father. Since then each month I have sent my Afrites for him, and they convey him hither in a jewelled cradle. When the Prince and Princess are grown, I will marry them to each other.

"Now, as to these Sheykhs, the desires of their hearts shall be fulfilled."

So saying, King Sadik sent forth his Afrites to fetch from the four corners of the earth the Princess of Basra, the Prince of Nimroz, the Lost Fairy, and the Rosy Beauty. The Afrites made haste, and returned immediately carrying them in their arms. But when they set them down before the throne, they found that the Lost Fairy was still missing.

Then King Sadik frowned, and said, "O Flyers, why hast thou not brought the daughter of the King of the Fairies?"

"O our lord," said they, "the Marid Jadu hath stolen her away, and hath confined her in his magic fortress in the Mountains of Kaf. And we were not able to bring her because the place is strong, and he is a powerful, evil Marid."

On hearing this, King Sadik boiled with rage, and commanded an army of the Blue Genii to go at once to the Mountains of Kaf, and destroy the fortress of the Marid Jadu, and rescue the Fairy. They did so,

and shortly placed her safely at the foot of King Sadik's throne.

Whereupon all present rejoiced, and the King of the Blue Genii presented the son of the King of China with the figure of the fortieth monkey. [He then married him to the Rosy Beauty; and gave the Lost Fairy to the Prince of Nimroz, the Princess of Basra to the Prince of Persia; and betrothed the little Prince Baktiyar to his daughter.]

After which he caused a magnificent banquet to be served, and all partook thereof. He then commanded his Afrites to convey the Princes and their brides to their Kingdoms; while King Azad, taking the little Prince Baktiyar in his arms, mounted the flying throne, and was wafted gently back to his palace in Istambol.

CONCLUSION OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GENII

THUS ceased the Tales of the Good Genii. And Ali of the Green Veil bowed before the golden throne, and ascended his own silver one.

"O good Fairy Moang," said the King of the Genii, "the children of Guialar, the Iman of Terki, have listened in all due silence to the tales of the servants of our lord Solomon, the son of David, on both of whom be peace! Conduct them, therefore, to the Garden of Fruits, and permit them to rejoice with the Sons and Daughters of the Fairies. Only bring them hither again when the period of a year hath passed."

The Fairy, smiling, led the excited children through a golden door, and they found themselves in the Garden of Fruits.

They beheld a spacious place, in which were palms, and many trees laden with the coloured fruits. The odour of rare spices filled the air, and bright-feathered birds flew sweetly singing from tree to tree.

A river watered the garden, flowing through arbours of roses, and jasmines, and myrtle. Upon its green bank played the Sons and Daughters of the

Fairies, clad in their robes of blue, pink, violet, and white. Some were sailing Fairy boats, and others were flying coloured kites shaped like birds and beasts. And with them was the happy Genie Abdallah.

He smiled at Patna and Coulor, and when they perceived him their hearts beat with joy, and they hastened toward the river. Then all the boys and girls, advancing and laughing, drew them into their midst.

They tossed golden balls, and rejoiced together, and sang with the birds. They danced in the grass, and plucked bouquets of flowers, and feasted on fruits and creams, and walked beneath the trees with the happy Genie Abdallah.

But when the sun was beginning to set, the Fairy Moang drew near. "Patna and Coulor," said she, "must now say farewell to the Sons and Daughters of the Fairies, and return to their father, who doth await them by the side of the Fountain of the Genii."

At this the children were overcome with grief, but before they could utter a word, they found themselves once more in the basin of the fountain, and they perceived that they were holding golden baskets full of the coloured fruits.

The Fairy Moang took them each by the hand, and they rose through the water without wetting their clothes. On reaching the pool of the fountain, the Fairy placed them upon the ground; and, lo, they saw

the Iman Guialar seated upon the marble bench beneath the cool shade of the trees.

When he beheld Patna and Coulor, he arose and ran forward to meet them, and embraced them with tenderness. But when he turned to address the Fairy, she had vanished away, and in her place stood the beautiful and fragrant citron-tree.

The Iman then led the children to the palace; and on examining the coloured fruits they saw, with wonder and delight, that they were changed into the most brilliant jewels! He then seated the happy children beside him, and they related to him all the Tales of the Good Genii from beginning to end.

THE END

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